

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

APRIL 13, 1962

RUSSIA'S NEW GENERATION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

John Chalkin



SOVIET POET
EVTUSHENKO

\$7.50 A YEAR

(ISSN: 0020-4179)

VOL. LXXIX NO. 15

NEW **ELECTRAMATIC DRIVE** by Johnson



He's driving "the Sea-Horse that shifts for itself"

(the gears get the word electrically!)



Even if you've never been aboard a boat before, you can drive one in minutes with Johnson's exclusive new *Electramatic Drive*.

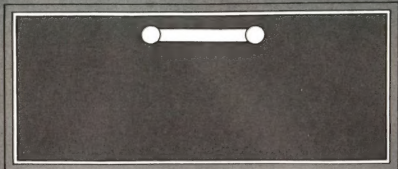
Why? Because this new kind of Sea-Horse motor shifts for itself . . . electrically, automatically, instantly. One single-motion lever controls both gas and gears—thanks to a revolutionary new electric clutch. Ahead for forward. Back for reverse. Boating is smoother. Docking is easier.

Sea-Horse Electramatics . . . either 40 or 75 hp. And the remote control comes with the motor (there's no extra charge)! See all ten new models—the 28, 18, 10, 5½ and 3 hp, too—at your Johnson dealer's now. He's in the Yellow Pages.

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A catalog—or any printed material your company mails out—will be delivered quickly enough. But it may end up in the wastebasket even faster. One way to make sure that your printed material makes a good impression—and gets a good reception—is to make sure it's printed on good paper. The best paper for your printed material adds only a small percentage to the total cost. But it adds a great deal to the impact your material will make. Another tip: talk to your printer early about every job. The more time he has, the more he will be able to put his skill and experience to work for you. S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad Street, Boston 1, Mass., manufacturers of fine printing papers.



research leadership means better paper for better printing



What happens when your illness lasts longer than your paychecks?

Many a man finds that even with medical bills PAID, he's in a tough spot, because there's no money coming in for living expenses!



Think how much it cost you, just last month, to keep up with all the expenses of running your home and providing for your family.

But what if you'd had no income that entire month, and been forced to dig into your savings for the money? What if you were flat on your back—trying to recover from an illness or injury—with this financial drain going on... and on... and on? Think how you'd feel, worrying about bills piling up, savings

dwindling, your family's precious security slipping away, and your hopes for the future fading.

To avoid such worries, guarantee yourself an emergency income through low-cost Lincoln Life health insurance.

This plan provides you positive income protection. If you have an accident, it will pay you a specified amount every month you're totally disabled. If you have an illness, it will pay you a steady income starting as early as 30 days after total disability begins and continuing as long as you're disabled, up to age 65. Phone or write your Lincoln Life agent for details.

THE **Lincoln Life**
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Fort Wayne, Indiana

If you're thinking of investing

The right way vs. the wrong way to invest in stocks and bonds

Before you invest one dollar, examine the choices below and decide which way you would prefer to go about investing.

Wrong: Don't bother about setting aside money for emergencies. Why worry about tomorrow? Put everything you can into the stock market.

Right: Invest only money left over after providing for living expenses and a fund for emergencies.

Wrong: Buy fast when you hear a "hot" tip. Get inside information from "somebody who knows somebody." What does it matter if nobody knows much about the company you're investing in?

Right: Get the facts. Check the company's sales and profit record. Investigate its prospects.

Wrong: Don't worry that any stocks or bonds you buy will decrease in value. Everything is on the way up, and your securities can't miss.

Right: Remember that when you invest there are no guarantees. Prices of stocks and bonds go down as well as up. What's more, they may not continue to pay dividends or interest.

Wrong: Plunge just for the "fast buck." Investing is only for people who want to make a quick killing.

Right: Remember that certain securities are better than others, depending on your purpose. Some may seem to you to stand a good chance to grow in value over the years. You might decide that others are a better choice to provide a steady income from dividends.

Wrong: All brokers are alike. Pick one at random.

Right: Choose a broker with care. Drop in, for example, on a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange and talk to a Registered Representative there. Nobody has all the answers, but he has satisfied Exchange training requirements, passed examinations on his knowledge of the securities business, and is subject to Exchange regulations which govern all Member Firms.

You'll be wise to ask a Member Firm broker about the famous companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Member Firms are listed in the Yellow Pages of your telephone

directory. Look in the Stock Broker section under "New York Stock Exchange." Talk to the broker about your goals. If you like, ask about the Monthly Investment Plan, which lets you invest with as little as \$40 every three months. If you are planning to invest, start right—with the help of a Member Firm broker.

Own your share of American business

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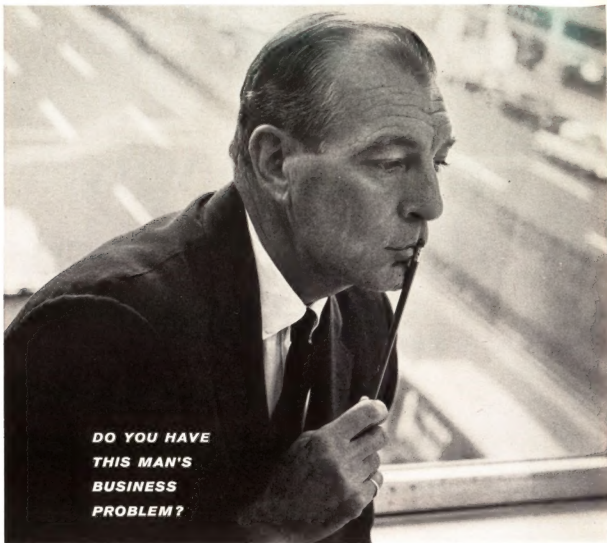
For offices of Members nearest you, look under "New York Stock Exchange" in the stock broker section of the Yellow Pages.

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



**DO YOU HAVE
THIS MAN'S
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PROBLEM?**

*"With sales costs up, how can we possibly
make more calls on out-of-town customers?"*

**Answer: use Long Distance to supplement
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For example:

The tire division of Gates Rubber Company, Denver, Colorado, recently saw the need to keep in closer touch with its widespread dealers. But sales costs were already high.

The firm began *telephoning* dealers regularly between visits. The phone calls boosted both sales

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Many business problems are really communications problems. And they can be solved by effective use of Bell System services such as Long Distance . . . Private Line Telephone . . . Teletypewriter . . . Data Transmission . . . Wide Area Telephone Service. Talk with one of our Communications Consultants about them. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office.



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A trusted jeweler can help you choose a lovely diamond gift—a pin, earrings, a dinner ring or bracelet. Or, he can design a one-of-a-kind original. Whether you spend \$100, \$500, or more, diamonds give your gift significance, enduring value.



The gift she'll treasure beyond all others



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The 40th Anniversary Checker is an ultra-simple, quality-inspired car with an amazing record of safety, durability and stamina. The "compact limousine" is finding increased acceptance among professional and business people as well as for all-around family use. The reason? Checker's lower operating costs—Checker's V.I.P. styling and living room-size interiors. These days you see more and more Checkers being driven by salesmen and by executives . . . by doctors and by engineers . . . by people who understand and appreciate Checker's costlier construction details and six-cylinder savings . . . Checker's wider doors and flat rear floors. Over 200 riding, styling and mechanical improvements were made in the new Checker—none, however, that would obsolete last year's car.

The 40th Anniversary models maintain their dignity . . . and their worth by concentrating improvements on the inside, where they mean more. New styling appointments, increased performance . . . a softer, safer, more luxurious ride is only part of the story; *Checker's low, low price tag* provides more good news. Make sense to you, too? Write for more information.

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40th anniversary
CHECKER




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Look for the Big "I" Seal when you buy insurance for your car, home or business. Only an independent insurance agent can display it.



A black and white photograph of a man with glasses, wearing a light-colored shirt and a dark jacket, sitting in a swivel office chair. He is leaning back, looking towards the camera with a serious expression. His right hand is on the keys of a vintage typewriter, and his left hand is resting on his lap. The typewriter is on a small stand next to him. The background is dark and out of focus.

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LETTERS

New Justice

Sir:

After reading your article on Byron Raymond White [April 6], I can see that President Kennedy has dismissed political temptations in order to make a wise choice.

T. L. KRISCHUNAS

Chicago

Sir:

Why Whizzer White? A vacancy on the Supreme Court should be filled by the best available legal mind in the U.S.—the current Attorney General.

I just can't stand a President who isn't loyal to his relatives and friends.

GRANT W. ERWIN JR.

Seattle

Sir:

Byron White has many fine qualities as a lawyer, but there are other older, more experienced lawyers who should have been first considered for the high office of a Supreme Court Justice.

Mr. White was an excellent student and athlete and may do well in the new job. We will just have to wait and see if Kennedy's choice was a wise one.

FREDERICK J. MILLER

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Red Hats

Sir:

Congratulations for your splendid, well-measured story on the cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church [March 30].

I have never read such a panoramic view of the Curia.

RENÉ DOUSSEBÈS S.J.

San Gregorio
Quito, Ecuador

Sir:

There is no resemblance between ostentatious ecclesiastical fabrication of the Roman church and the simple but dedicated church of the New Testament.

G. DANIEL MCCALL

Huehlands, N. C.

Sir:

If a cardinal must lay out \$4,000 for his cockroaches and skullcaps, it seems to me that if the church can afford such extravagant material goods for its leaders, it should also be in a good position to support its own school system.

DANIEL P. TALBOT

Asbury College
Wilmore, Ky.

Sir:

From a Catholic point of view your article is rank with slanted, loaded adjectives, spelling vendetta in every paragraph.

MRS. CHARLES W. FUNARO
North Hollywood, Calif.

Sir:

That was a most gorgeous article, and it will prove to be most informative to my pupils, especially during these months preceding the coming Vatican Council, when my boys are asking hundreds of questions about the makeup of the church's organization.

BROTHER ALOYSIUS, C.F.X.

St. Teresa's Boys' School
Brooklyn

Fondness for Animals

Sir:

"Fondness for animals," indeed. Doesn't Jackie realize that a mongoose has as good a chance against a cobra [March 30] as a fox does against a pack of hounds?

MRS. PAUL B. ECKLAND

Ste. Foy, Que.

► Both cobra and mongoose survived. Had the snake charmer allowed the fight to go to the finish, Ribbi-tikki-tavi, as any Kipling fan knows, would win.—Ed.

Sir:

Since when has the horrified reaction of a sensitive, decent person like Jackie Kennedy while watching the final breaking of a cobra's back by a mongoose become "ladylike"? Violent death, in any form, is an awesome and repugnant thing—to normal people. Is the poor kid to be hardened because she is normal? Have we gone that far?

FRITZ BOSWORTH

Atascadero, Calif.

Mocking Bird & Eagle

Sir:

"To kill a mocking bird is a sin!" I'm sure you agree.

Thank you for your appreciation for the very small contribution I made to your recent cover story on the life and work of my son, "Tennessee" [March 30].

I'm glad that he has not forgotten his early training. He was born and lived in the South, and the first lesson a little child received there, be he "white" or "colored," was courtesy.

If we wished to betray our early background, I could give you many interesting and amusing stories (were they not, also, so tragic!) of the anything but courteous



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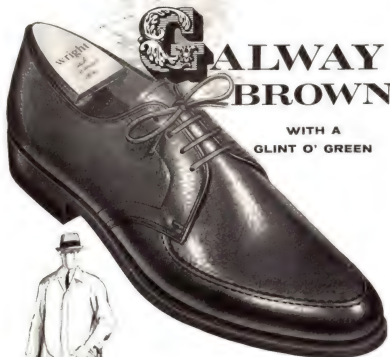
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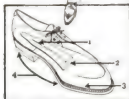
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treatment my son and his collaborators received at the hands of so-called "critics." A less hardy soul would have been discouraged, but having descended from a long line of fighting ancestors, on both sides of the family, I'm proud to see that though he has the soul of a "mocking bird," he has the spirit of an eagle.

EDWINA DAKIN WILLIAMS

Clayton, Mo.

Low Blow

Sir

As your April 6 story reports, indiscriminate second- and third-class postal rate increases would be a low blow from which some smaller magazines with little advertising might not recover. But it is incorrect to say that, in the case of the *New Republic*, they "add up to something close to a death sentence." We'll be hurt, but not fatally.

GILBERT A. HARRISON

Editor and Publisher

The *New Republic*
Washington, D.C.

Fool's Gold

Sir

I think the formula in the March 10 Letters column for enthusiasm toward conservatism could be more accurately written: *FoE: H.O. in MCMLXIV BC*.

FORREST MORGAN, '63

Norfolk College of William and Mary
Norfolk, Va.

A Proper Respect

Sir

I want to compliment you on the fine story about the Chloromycetin case involving my client Mrs. Carney Love, of Palo Alto, Calif. (March 10).

Your story, I am sure, has done much to bring home to the medical profession that this drug must always be treated with proper respect.

JAMES F. BOCCARDO

San Jose, Calif.

Sir

A judgment against the makers of this valuable drug (Chloromycetin) is similar to a judgment against General Motors every time a Chevrolet is involved in a mortal accident. The logic escapes me, but obviously a judge and jury saw it differently.

HORST D. WEINBERG, M.D.

Fresno, Calif.

Sir

Six years ago our daughter had an almost fatal case of anemia as a result of two prescriptions of Chloromycetin. Luckily she was cured after months of taking cortisone, end less tests and more than \$1,000 worth of expenses, not to mention the anxiety involved.

Patients should be warned of its possible side effects.

MRS. GORDON PATE

Auburndale, Fla.

Hesburgh & Manion

Sir

As the reporter of the Father Hesburgh cover story (Feb. 9), I would like to correct what may be a wrong impression left by the statement that among the first acts of Father Hesburgh, as Notre Dame executive vice president, was the replacement of Clarence Manion as dean of the law school.

Father Hesburgh became executive vice president of Notre Dame in 1949. In January of 1952, Dean Manion resigned for personal reasons, because of pressure of his private business interests. Father John Cavanaugh, who was then president of Notre Dame, in

MAN SIZE

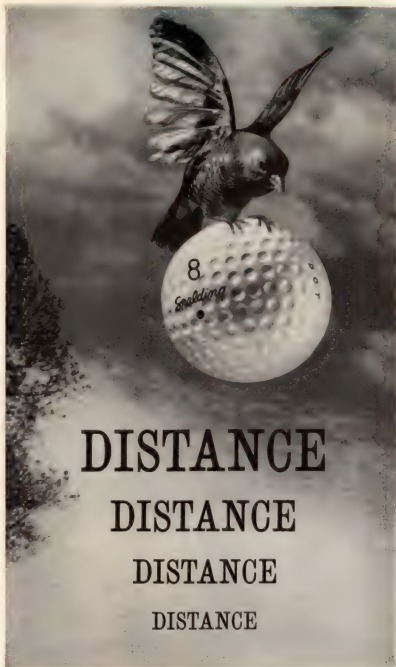
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accepting Dean Manion's resignation, said that "his career has marked the personal, the professional and the spiritual that add up to a remarkable epitome of what Notre Dame means by moral, responsible leadership." Father Cavanaugh then named Joseph O'Meara to succeed Dean Manion.

MARVIN ZIM

Chicago

Buber Speaks

Sir:

The main point of the saying you are quoting from my *Tales of the Hasidim* [March 23] is expressed not in the words you quote ["What the Torah teaches us is this: none but God can command us to destroy man"] but in the sequel: "And if the very smallest angel comes after the command has been given and cautions us: 'Lay not thy hand upon . . . we must obey him.' I would think it desirable to draw your readers' attention to this part of the saying.

MARTIN BUBER

Jerusalem

Where the Lost Wax Went

Sir:

In tracing the "lost wax" process used by Greek sculptors in the Art story "Young Man of Piraeus" [March 30], you describe a final step: "Molten bronze poured between the two clay surfaces melted the wax and replaced it, forming a hollow statue of bronze filled with irremovable clay."

The wax, in any "lost wax" process, cast today as well as in ancient times, always has to be burned out of the mold before the bronze can be poured in.

JOHN C. SPRING
Vice President

Modern Art Foundry, Inc.
Long Island City, N.Y.

► *Reader Spring's* foundry, where Sculptor Jacques Lipchitz' statues are cast, burn out wax in the traditional way by placing the double-thick clay mold in a kiln fired to 1,200°F. Some of the wax escapes through a small hole in the cast, but most of it is absorbed by the porous clay.—Ed.

A Fast Ride

Sir:

I am glad to hear that the elevators at the new Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles will "whisk" fans to their seats at the rate of "200 ft. per second" [March 30].

A quick calculation indicates that at 136 m.p.h., passengers will be plastered all over the floor for half the trip, and all over the ceiling for the other half.

JOE W. REECE

University of Florida
Gainesville, Fla.

► It should have been 200 ft. per minute, not per second. TIME erred.—Ed.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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In this season it is well to remember that the hope of our world rests on faith. Through faith our forefathers—men of varied faiths—built this country. And only through faith can we, in our turn, build confidently for the future.

Faith is a family matter, too . . . and with it goes the responsibility for helping our children prepare for tomorrow's world.

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THE NATION

THE PEOPLE

They Also Serve

It's a good wind that blows no ill. April's breezes brought welcome boons: a respite from steam heat, restorative glimpses of crocus and forsythia, the first game of the new baseball season. April also brought federal income tax time—and the searches for misplaced receipts, much desperate arithmetic, and the disappointments of finding that due payments turn out to be larger or refunds smaller than expected.

The total federal take from personal income tax this year will amount to an estimated \$45 billion, a record high (see tax story page 26). Americans are not the world's most heavily taxed people, but they fork out the most. Inevitably, there was grumbling, but much of it seemed for the record. Men have hated taxes ever since the dawn of civilization, and in years past, taxpayer discontent has led to rebellions—including, in some simplified versions of U.S. history, the violent tax protests that brought on the U.S. Revolution. In the light of such a past, there seemed a docile if grudging inevitability about the way most U.S. taxpayers shuffled in to pay up. Chicagoan Robert Sasseti, who as a public accountant has plenty of opportunity to observe taxpayers, thinks: "Most people now have a much more sober attitude toward income taxes than they used to have. They seem to want to support the Government. The nation is growing up to realize that we have a good thing here in the U.S., and people want to keep it going."

Looking at the headlines last week, a taxpayer could see plenty of cause for his high tax bite—and maybe, more than usual, tended to connect the two. The headlines out of Cuba, Brazil and Argentina might make him wonder whether the Alliance for Progress was worth it—or more necessary than ever. Guerrilla warfare in South Viet Nam and an easing of crisis in Berlin were the kinds of ups and downs of Communist harassment he had learned to live with. The lull in Berlin could remind him that there would be no such breathing space without the tax-supported military strength of the U.S.

President Kennedy, like his predecessor, sometimes speaks of a need for "sacrifices"—but the only actual sacrifice demanded of most Americans these days is that they pay their taxes. Thinking of John Glenn and his fellow astronauts, of U.S. helicopter pilots in South Viet



TAXPAYERS AT INTERNAL REVENUE'S MANHATTAN OFFICE
Much of the grumbling was for the record.

Nam, of Peace Corps volunteers and foreign-aid technicians in remote parts of the world, of Strategic Air Command flyers on alert, the stay-at-home taxpayer making out a check to the Internal Revenue Service this week could console himself with the thought that he, too, was doing his part: they also serve who only pay their tax.

THE PRESIDENCY

A Piece of His Mind

President Kennedy is sensibly careful about what he says in public, but beyond the reach of microphones, cameras and recording devices, he is remarkably candid and salty in talking to staff and visitors about his hopes, plans, preoccupations and disappointments. Current J.F.K. opinions—

Berlin. Despite the rumors of a U.S.-Russian deal on Berlin—rumors set off by a sudden letup in Communist interference with Western road and air traffic into Berlin—no deal has been arrived at, and none is in sight.

The Cold-War Calm. The President would like to think that the current lull in the cold war is a result of his policies of building up military strength and holding firm in negotiations, but thinks the lull is

too dangerous and deceptive to be complacent about.

Summitry. Has no intention, as things stand, of reaching for his alpenstock.

Latin America. Is solidly sold on the Alliance for Progress, may add other Latin American countries to his planned trip to Mexico and Brazil this year.

De Gaulle. Knows that De Gaulle will not be satisfied unless given the Bomb and even that won't change him. Would just make him independent of NATO. Doesn't like proliferating the Bomb Club anyway.

Nuclear Testing. Is going ahead with plans to resume U.S. nuclear tests in the atmosphere right on schedule, with a blast due in April's third week.

Congress. Is happily confident that despite grumping and foot-dragging, Congress will give him much of what he has asked for this session.

Unemployment. Is deeply concerned about the persistence of long-term unemployment, sees no easy way of coping with it.

His Own Popularity. Is both pleased and puzzled about his popularity among the people, even in places like Iowa. What is it? Not his program. Is it because they know he works hard, is sincere?

THE CONGRESS

For the Old Folks

House Republican Leader Charles Halleck stormed out of the Capitol, kicked the side of his official Cadillac in anger. G.O.P. Whip Les Arends gasped, "I'm astonished." Halleck and Arends were roiled not by a new Democratic ploy, but by a political move from one of their own: New York's Representative William Miller, who doubles in brass as chairman of the Republican National Committee, Miller had just abandoned the party's cautious position on medical care for the aged. Snapped Wisconsin's John Byrnes, chairman of the House Republican Policy Committee, when he heard the news: "Bill Miller doesn't make party policy."

Previously, House Republicans had stood with a medical care plan passed two years ago and still on the books; it provides for voluntary participation, offers aid only to those financially unable to pay for themselves, and is financed out of general Government revenues. The Kennedy Administration has been pushing hard for a far more expensive, expansive mandatory program, to be financed by Social Security. In Election Year 1962, Bill Miller thought that he could sense public pressures rising for Republicans to present something "positive" in the way of medical care. Without consulting his fellow G.O.P. House leaders, Miller came out for a program offering even more to the aged—and costing even more—than that of the Democrats.

Miller seized on a medical care bill authored by Ohio's Republican Representative Frank T. Bow. It had been casually conceived (recalls Bow: "I got the idea one morning while I was shaving") and tossed into the House hopper without any expectation that much would come of it. Miller reworked the bill with Bow, then fired off letters to all the House Republicans, asking them to support it and become co-sponsors. Quickly, 27 of them agreed. As the bill stands, it endorses the principle that all citizens over 65, regardless of their financial status, deserve Government-sponsored health insurance if they want it. It would provide income tax credits of \$125 a year for everyone over 65, this money to be used to purchase health insurance carrying the following benefits: \$12 a day for hospital room and board up to \$1,080 a year; \$120 for other hospital charges a year; \$6 a day for convalescent rooms up to \$186 a year; \$300 maximum for surgery. There seems little chance that the bill will get through the House, but despite his colleagues' anger at him, Republican Chairman Miller seems happy. "Now," he says, "we have a program."

Also in Congress last week:

► The Senate gave the U.N. a convincing vote of confidence by authorizing President Kennedy to provide the hard-pressed organization with up to \$100 million for its operations in the Congo and the Middle East. The 70-22 vote ended three months of argument in which Vermont's internationalist Republican Senator

George Aiken led opposition to the President's request to buy 25-year bonds, insisting instead on a three-year loan. The adopted compromise (which Aiken agreed to) permits the President to do either. Hero of the occasion, from the Administration viewpoint, was none other than Republican Senate Leader Everett Dirksen, who brushed aside charges by conservative Republicans that the compromise amounted to a "surrender" to the President. In an impassioned argument (Rhode Island's Democratic Senator John Pastore called it "one of the finest speeches ever delivered in the Senate"), Dirksen declared: "With all the fever and flames of controversy upon every firmament at this good hour . . . I will not charge my conscience with any act or deed which would contribute to the foundering of the United Nations, because I do not know



ARENDS, HALLECK & MILLER
Roiling the waters.

how I would then be able to expiate that sin of commission to my grandchildren." The lopsided Senate vote improves the prospects for the measure in the House. ► Members of the House, who had expressed great skepticism before approving the creation of the Administration's Peace Corps a year ago, wholeheartedly praised the Corps while voting 316-70 to increase its personnel from 2,400 to 6,700, boost its budget from \$30 million to \$63,750,000.

Cheers!

As every denizen of the U.S. Capitol knows, legislative history is sometimes made over a friendly bipartisan glass of bourbon or Scotch. The convivial sessions in Charlie Halleck's "Clinic" or Lyndon Johnson's princely rumpus room can be as important as any committee hearing or party caucus. Even House Speaker John McCormack, a teetotaler, has decided as a matter of legislative policy to continue the gently liquid "Board of Education" meetings held by Sam Rayburn and earlier Speakers.

Oregon's maverick Democratic Senator Wayne Morse is a teetotaler who believes in preaching what he practices. In the Senate last week he rose up to denounce the "desecration of the buildings belonging to the taxpayers." Cried Morse: "There is a growing social pattern of holding affairs in rooms in the Capitol and in the Senate Office Buildings at which hard liquor is served. In my opinion it cannot be justified. It ought to be stopped forthwith . . . I will not knowingly attend such an affair, and if I find myself in such an affair and hard liquor is being served, I will immediately absent myself from such an affair . . ."

As Morse was talking, most of his colleagues were attending the grand opening of yet another watering place beneath the Capitol dome: a new, walnut-paneled reception room. Among the guests was the President of the U.S. But Kennedy, warned that Morse was making an issue of such occasions, did not go near the bar, and, after 20 amiable but arid minutes, he left. On his way from the Capitol, he passed the Senate chamber, and ex-Senator Kennedy could not resist an impulse to go inside for a moment. Wayne Morse was inveighing on, but when he spotted the President, he stopped for a moment and grinned, then went on with his moroseful attack. The President smiled back. Seeing the near-empty chamber, he murmured: "That's the way it was when I left the Senate." Then he pushed out, past the swinging doors. In the reception room, Senators and Cabinet members were still refreshing themselves with what they now slyly call "Wayne water."

POLITICS

After Orval?

Ucer-ridden and looking somewhat haggard, Arkansas' four-term Governor Orval Eugene Faubus, 52, had just announced that he would not seek re-election this year—and last week a motley line of would-be successors was forming. Among the likely Democratic candidates: U.S. Representative Dale Alford, an ophthalmologist who became a career segregationist; ex-Governor (1949-53) Sid McMath, a moderate who prides himself on his progressive attitudes on most issues; Attorney General J. Frank Holt, also a moderate; former State Senator Marvin Meltan, onetime president of the Arkansas Chamber of Commerce; Kenneth Coffelt, an out-and-out segregationist who has promised to "expose the scandals in the Faubus Administration." Even Arkansas' moribund Republican Party hopes to present a serious candidate, and G.O.P. National Committeeman Winthrop Rockefeller, younger brother of New York's Nelson Rockefeller, has been mentioned; he will announce his decision this week.

During his seven years as Governor, Orval Faubus in many ways has racked up a respectable record. With the help of Winthrop Rockefeller's Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, he has brought unprecedented industrial growth

to the state, increased teachers' pay, built new schools and hospitals, raised average old-age welfare payments from \$32 to \$60 a month. He is plainly proud of such achievements. Said he, in a farewell television speech to the people of Arkansas: "We have done many good things and made much progress together." It seemed a pity, therefore, that he would be longer remembered as a symbol of the violent resistance to integration that gave Little Rock a bad name round the world.

Out from Backstage

As ghostwriter, campaign adviser, and grey eminence behind the conservative fortunes of Republican Senator Barry Goldwater, Arizona's Stephen C. Shadegg, 52, is known among the knowing as one of the nation's top backstage political managers. Last week, to the surprise of most who know him, Shadegg jumped into the glare of the footlights. Resigning as Arizona's Republican state chairman, he announced that he would seek the Republican nomination for U.S. Senator. He then hopes to take on Democrat Carl Hayden, 84, who has represented Arizona in either the U.S. House or Senate ever since it won statehood in 1912.

Minnesota-born Steve Shadegg is a man of several parts. He started out, after graduation from high school, studying acting and directing at California's Pasadena Playhouse. He moved to Phoenix to sell insurance, next turned to radio magazine and screenplay writing. For years he has run Phoenix's S-K Research Laboratories, a small pharmaceutical house to chief product: Adreno-Mist, a relief for asthma. All the while, he has been active in the Protestant Episcopal Church; last year, he was elected to its National Council. Shadegg got into politics in 1938, managing the campaign of a Democratic candidate for Maricopa County sheriff. In 1950 he ran his first statewide campaign—

for Hayden, who faced and won a primary fight. "All this time," says Shadegg now "I was describing myself as an anti-Roosevelt, anti-Truman, anti-New Deal anti-Fair Deal, Jeffersonian Democrat."

Still a nominal Democrat, Shadegg managed Barry Goldwater's first campaign for the U.S. Senate in 1952. Shadegg coached his candidate in public speaking, advised Goldwater to hang tight to Eisenhower's coattails to win—which he did. Three years later, Shadegg formally switched to the G.O.P.; he headed the Arizona Citizens for Eisenhower in 1956, and ran a second successful Goldwater campaign in 1958. With Goldwater's help, he was named Republican state chairman in 1960. He had a hand in Goldwater's best-selling *Conscience of a Conservative*, and recently published a glowing biography of Arizona's junior Senator—Barry Goldwater: *Freedom Is His Flight Plan*.

Many in the Arizona Republican audience, wishing Shadegg had stayed backstage, sat on their hands at his entrance into this year's Senate race. Greying, cold-eyed Steve Shadegg is one of the best pros in the business—but his do-it-my-way-or-else personality has earned him enemies. What is more, some of his fellow Republicans wonder if the voters will find a stiff campaign against Carl Hayden such a good idea right now. Hayden heads the important Senate Appropriations Committee—and from that seat he can help arid Arizona get a healthy share of federal funds for water development, once the U.S. Supreme Court untangles a bitter water-rights dispute between Arizona and California.

INVESTIGATORS

Unmuzzled

At 52, he remained a stalwart figure of a man. Had he still been in uniform, he could have worn upon his breast several rows of ribbons earned in distinguished service in the U.S. Army. As he testified last week before a U.S. Senate subcommittee, he sought desperately to bring home to Americans his notion of the meaning and menace of international Communism. Yet despite all this—his physical appearance, his record and the sincerity of his intentions—resigned Major General Edwin Anderson Walker cut a pathetic figure.

Den of Iniquity. In a day and a half before the subcommittee chaired by Mississippi Senator John Stennis, Walker told how he had been "muzzled" by the U.S.'s executive branch in his attempts to indoctrinate his troops against Communism, and how, when he persisted, he was removed from his command of the 24th Infantry Division in Germany, and finally resigned from the Army. Now, Walker could feel unmuzzled at last.

His jaw muscles working nervously as he paused in mid-sentence to grope for words, Walker assailed, as being soft on Communism, a whole *Who's Who in America*: Dwight Eisenhower, Eleanor Roosevelt, Assistant Defense Secretary



EX-MAJOR GENERAL WALKER
Blundering on the right.

Arthur Sylvester, USIA Director Edward R. Murrow, Commentators Walter Cronkite and Eric Sevareid, Writers John Gunther, Max Lerner, Joseph Barnes, and Harry and Bonaro Overstreet. (It turned out, though, that he had not read the books that he denounced as bad reading for his troops.) He charged that he had been "framed in a den of iniquity" and was the victim of a mysterious "real control apparatus" dedicated to a "no-win" cold war policy for the U.S. "I was a scapegoat of an unwritten policy of collaboration and collusion with the international Communist conspiracy . . ."

Tower of Babel. Such talk puzzled the Senators. Just what, asked Alaska Democrat Bob Bartlett, did Walker mean by "real control apparatus." Replied Walker: "The 'real control apparatus' can be identified by its effects and what it is doing, what it did in Cuba, what it is doing in the Congo, what it did in Korea. All these things were done by people. So the apparatus is in those who wanted to see these things happen, and the propaganda from they are using for this and the means to do it with is the United Nations, which is the nearest thing to the Tower of Babel that has ever been built." Unenlightened, Bartlett pressed Walker for the names of some apparatus members: "I think our country is entitled to the names of these people because, according to this statement, they are traitors and ready to let this country go over to the enemy." Walker named Secretary of State Dean Rusk and State Department Counselor Walt Whitman Rostow as "people who appear to think along the same lines as the apparatus."

All in all, it was a shoddy and confused display of name-calling without evidence. Senators of all persuasions, saddened by the performance, forbore to question him hard. Upon leaving the hearing room, Walker paused long enough to throw a right jab at a questioning newsman—



ARIZONA'S SHADEGG
Finding the footlights.



THE MILLER FAMILY IN GEORGIA



ARMY "BACHELORS" IN STUTTGART

I don't think anyone should have to be both father and mother.

Tom Kelly of the Scripps-Howard Washington *Daily News*. Then he headed back to Texas, where he is a candidate for Governor—and seems likely to finish low among six Democratic primary contenders.

THE LAW

Andy Jackson & the Judge

As his valedictory before leaving New Orleans to join the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington, Federal District Judge J. Skelly Wright last week had some thoughts about his native city. The man who reaped a whirlwind of local controversy when he decreed that New Orleans' public schools must be desegregated recalled the 100 unconstitutional laws that the Louisiana legislature had passed to block integration, and recalled too the cursing women who harassed the four little Negro girls trying to attend a mixed school. Judge Wright believed that New Orleans has failed to educate its people "to the social change of the 20th century."

The Supreme Court must be "the final interpreter of the Constitution," he said, and the Constitution "should not be interpreted with reference to the time in which it was written but rather in reference to the present, or better still, the future." Then he recalled an incident regarding Andrew Jackson and the law during the British invasion of New Orleans in 1815. A local editor attacked General Jackson in his newspaper, and when the battle was over, Jackson put the editor in jail. The editor appealed to Federal Judge Dominick A. Hall and obtained a writ of habeas corpus. Jackson had the judge jailed too. But as soon as martial law was lifted by Jackson, Hall returned to his bench and summoned Jackson before him on a contempt citation. Jackson appeared and meekly paid a \$1,000 fine.

As he left the court, Jackson was surrounded by an angry mob of citizens who were eager to avenge him. He stood up in his carriage and silenced them with an eloquent speech: "I have, during the invasion, exerted every one of my faculties for the defense and preservation of the Constitution and the laws . . . Considering obedience to the laws, even when we think them unjustly applied, is the first duty of a citizen, and I do not hesitate to comply with the sentence you have heard pronounced."

ARMED FORCES

The Families They Left Behind

For six months U.S. career servicemen in Europe have been getting madder and madder at President Kennedy's order cutting off Government-paid transportation and housing for wives and children who want to be with their G.I.s overseas. Complained a European field commander in a recent message to his Pentagon superiors: "Without the stabilizing effect of a wife and children, we may be creating more social problems than we are solving on the economic front."

Last week, staring into a Scotch and soda in a Frankfurt bar, an Army captain brooded: "This isn't Korea or Viet Nam, and it takes more than an effort of will to remain pure here for two years. And I wonder the same about my wife back home. You worry about home, her old boy friend, the kids." Said an Air Force chaplain in England: "Morale is at rock bottom. We had an incident of a rendezvous in London between an officer and another man's wife. I thought somebody was going to get shot."

Both Mother & Father. Beyond the loneliness and temptations that plague both the G.I. and his faraway wife, both worry about the effect of separation on their children. At Fort McPherson in Atlanta, Mrs. Maurice Miller, wife of an Army colonel who will soon be sent to France, said: "I love the Army about as much as anyone. But I'm all for his resigning if we cannot go with him. I don't think anyone should have to be both a mother and father to five little ones." In Columbia, S.C., Mrs. Tex Gardner, whose U.S. Army sergeant husband is now in Mannheim, Germany, said of their two sons, 14 and 12: "A mother can't handle it alone. They need love that I alone cannot give them. They are interested in football and scouting. I cannot satisfy them." Said Captain James Stamper, a paratrooper now in Italy: "The bad thing is not how my wife or I feel about it, but how it will affect our three children."

Such prolonged separation is a bigger service problem than it once was, since about 85% of all officers and 40% of enlisted men now are married. Instead of the carefree, hard-living G.I.s of old, whose greatest peacetime conquests often occurred in bars and bordellos, today's set-

tled-down servicemen average 2.8 dependents each. When the travel ban was ordered, 320,000 dependents were already in Europe, and thus were not affected; they still receive Government housing or allowances. Since the order, 56,000 servicemen sent abroad have been separated from their families; another 10,000 somehow found the money to take their families with them at their own expense (it costs about \$500 to get a wife and one child to Paris) and to rent quarters for them without benefit of the usual Government allowance (in France, this is about \$100 a month). Obviously, many cannot afford this on their military pay—yet neither can they afford the expense of maintaining a home in the U.S. and meeting their own living costs abroad.

"It's Chickenfeed." When President Eisenhower ordered a similar travel ban in 1960 on the theory that it was needed to reduce the U.S. gold outflow, the wives left at home became known as "gold-dollar widows." Ike's order was lifted by President Kennedy in February 1961—but the new ban went into effect last October. The Defense Department did not explain the latest order, although newsmen were told variously that it was because the troop buildup required all travel space or that the Berlin crisis was so hot that dependents should not be in Europe. Last February, Kennedy told a news conference that the gold problem was the main reason for continuing the ban.

Almost to a man, servicemen overseas find the gold explanation unfair. "Why did they pick the military to correct the gold drain?" asks a colonel in Stuttgart. "Because they can simply give the order and we slobs have to take it? What about tourists, businessmen and others? Brother, I have had it." "It's chickenfeed," says a general. "The petty savings aren't worth the bother." The Pentagon claims that the dependents who did not go to Europe would have spent some \$125 million there. But in 1961 U.S. business directly invested about \$1.5 billion in Western Europe, U.S. tourists spent \$600 million there, and other U.S. employees had their dependents with them.

Counting the Days. The overseas servicemen are understandably enraged by some insensitive statements from back home, such as Virginia Senator Willis Robertson's claim that dependents want

to go overseas just so they "can live high on the hog, have servants, PX privileges, and buy liquor at \$2.50 a bottle." But the servicemen are burned even more by frequent "news leaks" from the Pentagon that the ban is about to be lifted—"without anything ever seeming to happen." "I get so sick of listening to the damn radio each morning to hear 'key Pentagon officials' quoted as saying the ban 'may be lifted soon,'" complains a lieutenant colonel in Heidelberg. "What kind of stupidity is that? My wife and kids are coming over here in 55 days—yes, I'm counting the days—and I have to spend \$1,200 for their fare." Says a Seventh Army colonel: "I have been in the Army 18 years and have been separated from my wife slightly less than eight years. Now we have been told to take this, and nobody has even had the consideration to tell us why." Last week another "high Army official" said the ban may be lifted "within the next two weeks."

DEFENSE

The Big Bird Sanctuary

The "PMR" is a wasteland of sand and water. It covers more than 50 million square miles and extends almost halfway around the earth. Its inhabitants hunt goats in fern-forested Kauai, and missile nose cones in the sleepy lagoon of Eniwetok. It is the habitat of strange "birds" with peculiar names—Samos, Discoverer, Midas, Nike-Zeus—whose flights are scratched across the sky in weird contrails and tracked by missile-watching machines on a California mud flat and in such far-flung outposts as Alaska, Hawaii, Kwajalein and Christmas Island. The PMR—for Pacific Missile Range—is the nation's largest testing and training ground for missiles and space apparatus.

Cuban Gutter. Of the U.S.'s three missile ranges, Cape Canaveral, Fla., makes the most headlines, with its man-in-space shots. The Army's White Sands is dimly recalled as the site of long-ago atomic tests. But White Sands and Canaveral lack what the PMR has: plenty of room. White Sands is so constricted that it can only be used for research and development of small weapons systems.

Canaveral's Atlantic Missile Range, says a PMR officer, "is like a bowling alley. Castro's Cuba forms a right-hand gutter, and the Atlantic shipping lanes form the left. You've got a tight shot down-range. In the PMR, on the other hand, you have no such proscriptions. The many tiny islands of Oceania serve as tracking and data-collection stations clear across the Pacific. Our range is long, wide and well marked."

Foreseeing the day when the missile program would require such roominess, the Department of Defense in 1957 acquired 20,000 acres of canyon-scarred coastland at Point Arguello, Calif., as the main spread of the PMR, with Point Mugu, a Navy missile-testing center 120 miles to the south, as headquarters, and Vandenberg Air Force Base as the principal customer. After the commissioning of the new range, less than four years ago, the PMR's officials began making beach-

heads on Pacific islands for tracking stations and training headquarters. By last week 13,000 persons manned the PMR outposts, from Elmendorf A.F.B. in Alaska to faraway Canton Island, more than 4,000 miles from California.

PMR has tested most of the operational missile-age hardware of the Army, Navy, Air Force, and is increasingly a testing ground for NASA. The first operationally fired Thor was launched from Vandenberg, and so was the first Atlas to be rocketed across the Pacific. The Discoverer series was launched into polar orbit, and the 1960 recovery of the gold-plated capsule of Discoverer XIII off Hawaii marked the first time an American object had been retrieved from orbit in space.

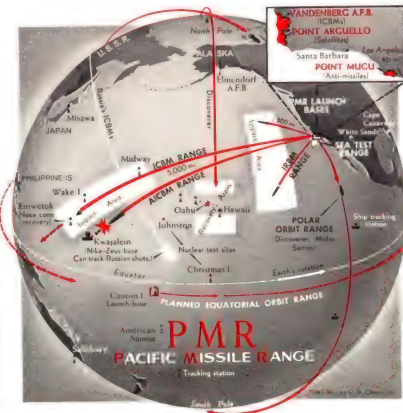
One of the PMR's most important functions is to provide actual training for missile-era airmen and ground troops—something neither Cape Canaveral nor White Sands is equipped to do. Aircraft squadrons fire their air-to-air and air-to-surface missiles over the PMR's vast instrumented almost every morning. Marine Corps anti-aircraft missile battalions set up their Hawk batteries on the offshore islands of Santa Barbara Channel and fire away at the PMR-launched drones. British and Canadian Thor crews get their first actual experience in firing their missiles over the PMR—training they cannot get at home.

Almost anything can—and does—happen in the environs of the PMR. Last week a 125-lb. bear, suitably tranquilized and strapped into a capsule, was rocketed from a B-58 bomber going 1,060 m.p.h. out of Vandenberg A.F.B. The bear,

known as Big John, dozed through his flight, ejection, and safe descent by parachute from an altitude of 45,000 ft.

PMR's range masters have divided the Pacific into seven shooting galleries: the sea test range (for small missiles), the polar orbit range, the IRBM impact area, the ICBM impact area, anti-ICBM range of Kwajalein, and a planned equatorial orbit range based on Canton Island. On Kwajalein, the radar serves an extra purpose: keeping tabs on Soviet Russia's experimental ICBMs when they cut across the U.S. range heading for their Pacific impact area.

Small Ballpark. At the PMR's Mugu nerve center, Rear Admiral John Clark, 56, a ramrod-straight naval airman, runs the range from a windowless "management room" with a triangular conference table and 14 wall panels that disclose the latest data on program progress and range conditions across the ocean-spanning domain. An old sea dog, Clark survived the mortal attack on the carrier *Lexington* at the Battle of the Coral Sea. Last summer, before his transfer to the PMR, he commanded the Navy's Carrier Division 16, and directed the recovery of Astronaut Gus Grissom after the space flight of *Liberty Bell 7*. Says Clark: "The PMR is a real national asset. The taxpayers are paying for it, but too damned few of them realize the scope of what we're doing. The range looks like a nice big area, but in terms of the future it's a pretty small ballpark. I think our role in the future will inevitably loom larger and larger, as the oceans grow smaller and smaller."





THE U.S. TAXPAYER

Due, Blue, and 97% Pure

The advent of April 15 each year is hailed, as sure as death, by newspaper accounts of heavy punishment being visited upon miscreant taxpayers. The timing is no accident: the Internal Revenue Service likes to give the impression at filing time that, like the Mounties, it always gets its man. Last week, as some 62.9 million Americans went through their annual throes, they could reflect on the well-publicized tax indictment of J. Truman Bidwell, chairman of the board of governors of the New York Stock Exchange. Then there was the invasion of Fordyce, Ark., by 30 tax agents who checked the 1961 returns of nearly 1,000 of the 10,522 citizens of Fordyce and surrounding Dallas County—and found that many had not filed any reports at all last year. And the U.S. taxpayer could also contemplate the case of a Brooklyn man arraigned for claiming an exemption for his mother, who had been dead for ten years. His wonderful explanation: "Mother's still alive in my heart."

Such items effectively get across the idea to the taxpayer that the odds are heavily against him in his annual duel of wits with the tax collector. And so they are: the Internal Revenue Service, with 58,584 eagle-eyed workers in 1,224 offices—is by far the biggest, most efficient and most successful revenue collection agency in human history. But the U.S. taxpayer is quite a fellow himself. In his heart burns a variety of emotions: deep resentment, hopeless resignation, awful foreboding, dark temptations. His conscience, if it does not always triumph still does pretty well. Unlike the Italian, the Latin American or the Frenchman, for whom tax evasion is a way of life, the U.S. taxpayer turns over anywhere from 20% to 97% of his income, as requested, with uncommon honesty. Like everyone else, he likes to play the game with the tax collector, but usually for small stakes. IRS Commissioner Mortimer Caplin estimates that the U.S. taxpayer is 97% pure.

To help the taxpayer stay pure, the Internal Revenue Service has set up a system of checks and double checks. When a return first lands on the desk of a local collector, it is scanned for proper information and necessary enclosures. Minor errors are corrected, and marginal sarcasm

from taxpayers calmly endured. But wait!

Less obvious errors, or outright evasions, are searched out after the returns have been routed to three data-processing service centers across the U.S. There returns are translated onto a punch card and checked by machine for arithmetic accuracy. The U.S. taxpayer is pretty punk at adding and subtracting: almost 2,400,000 errors were caught last year. Of them, about 1,500,000 were in the taxpayer's favor, to the tune of \$132 million; but 802,000 citizens shortchanged themselves by \$66 million.

Dreaded Audit. For most taxpayers, the arithmetic check is the last made on their returns. But the IRS selects about 5% of all the returns for more thorough checking—the dreaded audit. The criteria used for auditing are as closely guarded as the formula for Coca-Cola, vary from year to year to keep the taxpayer off guard. Those who have run into trouble in a previous year almost invariably get a second or third look. Upper bracket incomes get special scrutiny, and if a taxpayer makes more than \$25,000 a year

the odds are 1 in 4 that he will be audited.

In about a third of the audits, the taxpayer gets off clean. The rest almost always produce an increase in his tax—last year amounting to \$3 billion. The IRS claims that it is not vindictive and only wants to get its money, but it cannot shake the conviction of many investigated taxpayers that an auditor is judged by how much more money he can dredge up. If the taxpayer is caught, he can usually escape simply by paying up, with 6% interest. Better than 98% of all challenged returns are resolved without going to court; last year only 764 citizens suffered criminal tax convictions.

Canine Dependents. The most common form of chiseling is the phony dependency claim. Some taxpayers simply make up names; others list more children than they really have. Still others claim dead relatives, cats and dogs as dependents. Business deductions run a close second in disputes. This year the taxmen are keeping a closer eye than ever before on entertainment and travel deductions, and the Administration is seeking legislative repeal of the so-called "George M. Cohan rule." Deciding a tax suit filed against the freespending Broadway actor, a court ruled in 1930 that the IRS had to accept his word that some entertainment deductions were part of his business, even though he could produce no receipts or records. The ruling has hampered the IRS ever since in its efforts to corner businessmen with heavy expense-account deductions.

For every tax cheater, there is at least another taxpayer who ends up paying too much, either out of timidity, ignorance, or failure to take full advantage of the tax laws. Many taxpayers do not read far enough to realize that they may be entitled to a 4% credit on dividend income. Consultants feel that most taxpayers do not deduct enough for medical expenses, and that they seldom make an attempt to document losses due to floods, storms or fire. Still others forget to deduct for insurance payments, excise taxes, sales taxes. Even the man who wants to throw out furniture can turn it into a tax benefit. By donating furniture or clothes to a thrift shop run by a charity (there are 36 such shops in New York City alone) he can deduct the fair market value.

The taxpayer is more likely to get into trouble for what he puts on his return than for what he omits. The Service estimates that more than \$24.4 billion in income went unreported last year, represent-



IRS CHIEF MORTIMER CAPLIN
His 58,584 aides are eagle-eyed.



ing about \$4 billion in tax money. The sole proprietor—the doctor, lawyer, farmer or small businessman who keeps his own records and is often paid in cash—is the chief offender in failing to report income.

Ceaseless Search. The search for clues to such offenders never stops. Many IRS agents spend much of their time scanning the newspapers, carefully clipping anything that might point to a suspicious tax situation; a gossip-column item that a movie star has bought a yacht, a crime story reporting the discovery of a heroin cache, a doctor's indictment for malpractice. The Service also gets help from tips by informers, who are frequently disgruntled employees, wives or girl friends. Last year the IRS collected \$12 million as a result of informers' tips, paid them \$522,000 (they get up to 10% of the reported tax). Some taxmen now check on the informers themselves, on the theory that if they know so much about such dealings they may at one time have played the game themselves.

Few taxpayers are informers—but most of them resent the fact that the other fellow so often seems to get away with something. They do not grumble so much about the size of their own tax as about loopholes or advantages open to others: the foreign tax shelters, the oil-depletion allowance, the movie star or businessman who settles his tax bill for less than he owes, the man who can afford high-priced accountants to get around taxes even if he does not evade them. The Internal Revenue Service believes that the whole tax structure needs a complete overhaul, and the Kennedy Administration has promised to present a tax-reform bill to Congress—one that promises to set off a mighty brouhaha. Meanwhile, the IRS, like the taxpayer himself, is bound to the existing tax rules—and loopholes.

Forms & Reforms. Nonetheless, Big Brother seems confident that the days of the finagler and the fudger are numbered. Under Commissioner Caplin, a former University of Virginia law professor who taught both Bobby and Ted Kennedy, the Government is toughening up its stand on tax loopholes and tax offenders. Personally, Caplin believes that the Government could garner at least as much money—and make the majority of taxpayers happier—by reducing tax rates to 10% in the lowest bracket and to 65% in the highest bracket while getting rid of most exemptions, and lowering oil-depletion allowances. To make present tax rules more intelligible, the IRS

has cut form 1040—the long form used by more than a quarter of the nation's taxpayers—from four pages to two, laid it out in more logical order and simplified it in 19 places. Last summer Caplin took personal charge of a committee rewriting tax forms, tried out the phraseology of newly written forms on his wife Ruth. An English professor was called in to help redraft the forms in simple English—a task that has been at least partly successful.

Caplin believes that much more than the tax form needs change. He has introduced something called a "quality audit," which he hopes will raise a lot more money. Revenue agents used to go over large numbers of returns, generally stopped auditing when they found one violation or error. But the IRS believes that some taxpayers, particularly businessmen, throw in an easy-to-spot violation as bait to get the audit over with while hiding the really important evasion. In the quality audit, such returns get a thorough going-over by agents under no pressure to run up numbers.

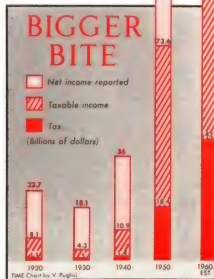
Psychological Advantage. Beyond that, the IRS has in the works a system calculated to scare the daylights out of every taxpayer in the land. It is called ADP—for automatic data processing—and its heart will be an electronic computer system headquartered at the National Computer Center at Martinsburg, W. Va.

Every taxpayer will be given an identity number (85% will use their social security numbers; the others will be assigned numbers), which will have to be included with his name on not only his income tax return and withholding statements but on any bank, corporation or other business report of dividends, interest, rent or royalties. At IRS regional centers, information from the returns will be transcribed on punch cards and then on magnetic tape before being shipped to Martinsburg. Eventually, Martinsburg will contain a master file on 80 million individual and corporate taxpayers that will stretch for 400 miles on magnetic tape, yet be stored in a single room measuring only about 30 ft. by 40 ft.

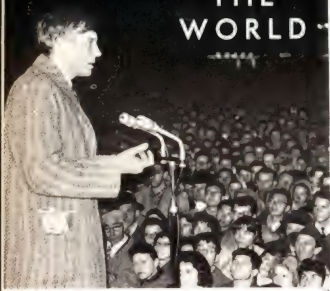
When the computer system, which will cost the Government \$7,000,000 a year to rent, is fed a taxpayer's return, it will match informational documents and past returns in its memory with the new tax report. For the first time, all withholding statements will be checked against returns, and the machine will immediately indicate what citizens have not filed

returns. The computers will rapidly disclose who owes taxes for previous years, who has refunds coming and who filed duplicate claims for refunds. "We can program this thing," says Clinton Walsh, chief of the IRS's management branch, "to do just about anything we want it to do."

The computer system has already been pressed into service to process business tax returns from the seven Southern states, even writes businessmen robot letters if they pay too much or too little. But the taxpayer has a period of grace before the impersonal and sleepless computers go to work on the entire country in 1966—and the IRS is using the interim to psychological advantage. "As a word to the wise," says Commissioner Caplin, "I would say that this is a very good time to clean the slate if past errors or omissions are known. In fact, if I had a friend with doubts about his personal tax records, I would advise him to drop around to his district office soon and clear them up." Your friendly neighborhood tax collector thinks the odds are about to make the struggle completely one-sided.



THE WORLD



POET EVTUSHENKO RECITING AT MAYAKOVSKY SQUARE

RUSSIA

A Longing for Truth

(See Cover)

The thaw (the real one, that is) was at its height in Moscow last week. Ice floes were in full flight down the river. At last the Kremlin's onion domes were bare of snow. In Sokolniki Park, small boys whooped after model planes and grownups silently drank up the sun. It was the time when, Chekhov wrote, "spring is ready to enter the soul."

Ten snows have melted since Joseph Stalin's death in March 1953. In the political and social thaw that has followed the tyrant's end, regimentation persists but the cruder kinds of terror have vanished almost as completely as the snow. In the 100 million Russians who are under 25 today and who make up nearly a half of the Soviet Union's entire population, Stalinism is little more than a bad childhood memory. They have not been broken by the fear that haunts their fathers nor infected with the blind faith that guided some of their Bolshevik grandfathers. These youngsters have been called a lost generation. They could more fairly be called a seeking generation.

Soviet Russia is still a Sparta, not an Athens. It has no freedom in the Western sense, but dissatisfaction is becoming over in a way that it never dared be before.

Engineers of Souls. Though incomparably better off than their elders, young Russians today ask far more of their life and are more critical of its shortcomings than any previous generation. Youth is reaching out beyond Mother Russia for its styles and slang. "Decadent" tastes that were taboo under Stalin are now status symbols. Young educated Russians are hungry for abstract art, passionately addicted to jazz, universally smitten with Ernest Hemingway and J. D. Salinger

(they can read these authors in translation, but see no newspapers except Communist ones). Soviet movies such as *The Cranes Are Flying* sympathetically explore their conflicts and misgivings. Even the Communist Party's official youth publications discuss sins and shortcomings of the system: this would have been heresy ten years ago.

The new generation's doughtiest champions have been authors and poets, the very types who were the most closely indentured servants of Stalinism. Perhaps no other tyrant in history has ever imposed so rigorous a system of thought control as that of Joseph Stalin: his most powerful and systematic weapon was the doctrine called "socialist realism," by which artists became "engineers of souls," whose only function was to mass-produce Communist propaganda. Literature started up again soon after Stalin's death. In the six years since Nikita Khrushchev demolished Stalin's godhead at the 20th Party Congress, Soviet writers have proclaimed, even if they have not always been free to practice, a new "literature of truth."

Siberian Roots. Poets in particular have won greater latitude than they have enjoyed since the early, heady days of the Revolution. From medieval times, when illiterate peasants listened spellbound to wandering "reciters," the intellectual Russians have always revered poets above potentates. Among them—from Pushkin who died "invoking freedom in an age of fear," to Pasternak, who, at the cost of much personal bravery, was almost the only writer of his generation to deride Stalin's shibboleths—have been Russia's most impassioned foes of injustice. Evgeny Yevtushenko, the most famed and gifted young poet in Russia today, follows in their footsteps.

"Zhenya," as handsome, 28-year-old Yevtushenko is invariably called, started



TYPICAL REAL GONE GUYS IN MOSCOW
They like to hang around Broadway.

out where many another Russian poet has ended—in Siberia. The blond, bean-pole-tall (6 ft. 3 in.) poet comes of Ukrainian, Tatar and Latvian stock that has never, he grins, "been collectivized." Though he likes to be taken for a country boy, he is a Muscovite by upbringing and accent, and his background rubs off on his sophisticated, often colloquial poetic style. His deep appeal lies in a rare faculty for sensing—and transmitting—the doubts and yearnings of a generation that has lost its illusions and is beginning to find its voice. Yevtushenko is this generation's flag-bearer, a daring young man but not to the point of martyrdom.

Noiseless Verse. Poets of protest such as Evgeny Yevtushenko (pronounced Yevgyany Yeftooshenko) have, in the past, been isolated from the vast, unlettered mass of Russian society. Today, through far-ranging recital tours and huge editions of their verse, they are reaching the widest, best-educated public in Russian history. The result has been a remarkable poetic revival. In theaters and student hostels from White Russia to Central Asia, overflow crowds listen to poets with almost religious fervor. On Sunday nights in summer, city squares echo to the liquid, incantatory cadences of Pushkin, Lermontov and, often, Zhenya Yevtushenko. One good reason for poetry's popularity: scraps of "noiseless verse," as Russian writers call work that is too avant-garde or radical for publication, can easily be mimeographed and surreptitiously distributed from one group of youths to another. Though several underground poetry sheets have drawn official condemnation, not a single editor has lost his head.

Simply put, Russia's writers are seeking truth. Yevtushenko's verse and his contemporaries' conversation come back to the word time and again. Their generation has seen truth ripped from maps and histories; their search for facts is an obsession. After Stalin's death, Yevtushenko went back to see, he said, if any kind of



BATHER & BOY FRIEND AT OUTDOOR POOL



TALK & CHAMPAGNE AT MOSCOW'S CAFÉ AELITA

We are not building Communism to sleep on nails.

truth had survived in his native Siberia; even there he was disappointed. In a poem named for his home town, Zima (literally Winter), he quoted the adage "Truth is good but happiness is better" adding forlornly: "But without truth there is no happiness."

Doubt's Dark Seed. To many of his contemporaries, truth means any once perilous indulgence, from a rock 'n' roll session to pinning a sardonic verse on a university bulletin board. To most, it symbolizes a degree of freedom that is incompatible with Communism. Nina a stylish, 21-year-old Moscow University geology student, sees truth as the duty to

"speak and act always according to your own beliefs and ideals." To Marusia, another 21-year-old student, truth is whatever contradicts the party line. Says she "I don't believe in God, but I am anti-atheistic. I refuse to be an atheist because propaganda orders me to be one."

Many young Russians openly question what they read in *Pravda*—which itself means truth. Evtushenko suggests that there is no absolute truth in Russia because there is "no faith, and faith means love, and there is no love." Doubt's dark seed is his generation's suspicion that its fathers were deeply compromised by Stalin's crimes, that the full story has yet to be revealed. Writes Evtushenko:

Behind the speeches

Some murky game is being played,

We talk and talk about things we didn't mention yesterday.

We say nothing about the things we did ourselves.

Soviet youth's dominant characteristic and often the best concealed, is this profound skepticism. It may not yet deeply affect those millions of young Russians on farms and assembly lines who know no other possible way of life, but it influences those who have been given an education to prepare them for a technological society. Within well-defined limits, the schooled young have been encouraged somewhat to think for themselves, and inevitably have come to question those limits. The more the propagandists chide Soviet youth for what Khrushchev calls its "unhealthy attitudes," the more it shies from slogans and ideologies. Like the U.S. housewife who switches off a TV commercial, Evtushenko's generation is a victim of what Madison Avenue calls "oversell."

Observers consider the generation thoroughly loyal to Russia; and, in general, loyal to the only political system it knows. It is full of misinformation about the rest of the world, and U.S. tourists in Russia are sometimes startled by the xenophobic assurance with which young Rus-

sians, though critical of their regime, in the next breath say they will someday match the Western comforts of cars and housing without embracing capitalism's corrupting faults.

The questioning of the present regime is most intense among the young educated Russians, who as tomorrow's intelligentsia will influence their society out of all proportion to their numbers.

"Not, Goddamit, Dull." To hear them talk, the young crave a more graceful abundant life, and chafe at the frustrations of Khrushchev's state. Their "characteristic feature," says Russian youth's favorite playwright, Victor Rozov, is "intolerance of everything that is strident bureaucratic and soulless." Soviet youth resents the regime's nagging, nagging demands on its private life. Why, grumbled a correspondent in the youth paper *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, should "the striving for personal happiness" conflict with the common good? Said he: "We are not building Communism to sleep on nails."

Some young Russians look back romantically on the '20s and the "purity" of a revolutionary creed that has somehow dissolved into the cynical conformity of the society they know. Snorted a character in a short story published in *Youth Magazine*: "Heroism, self-sacrifice! That's what the journalists write about. But look around: what everyone's worrying about is how to grab off more for himself." The young idolize Fidel Castro, whose revolution in their eyes embodies the authentic ideological fervor that has gone from their own. This vision was heightened by Poet Evtushenko, who visited Cuba last year and in *Pravda* proclaimed: "Revolution may be grim but not, goddamit, dull."

In some respects, Evtushenko and his followers resemble U.S. beatniks. But where U.S. beats glorify unwholeness, shook-up Soviet youth flaunts foppish clothes as the badge of their individualism. Russian youths crave the varied and permissive life that would be their birthright in the West. One of the most revealing



MOSCOW GIRL À LA MODE
Papo has the bad memories.

ing, wistful expressions of Russian claustrophobia is a poem written by Evtu-shenko in 1958:

*The frontiers oppress me,
I feel it awkward
Not knowing Buenos Aires,
New York,
I want to wander
As much as I like
In London,
To talk, however brokenly,
With everybody . . .*

Vladimir Mitty. Unable to travel beyond the Soviet Union, young Russians are extravagantly addicted to Western



EVTUSHENKO AT WORK
In the future, burning shome.

fads and customs, which themselves are a sort of Vladimir Mitty substitute for first-hand experience of the outside world.

A significant event in their lives was the 1957 World Youth Festival, which brought 15,000 young foreigners into Moscow for a propaganda jamboree aimed at impressing them with the rich, free life under Soviet Communism. Instead, after mingling for the first time with their contemporaries from five continents, many young Russians seemed to be profoundly impressed by the free, privileged life that belongs to youth outside Russia. For three weeks, the visitors sang, drank and talked with open-mouthed Russian youngsters. Ever since, the Kremlin has backed away from its stubborn resistance to "bourgeois" Western tastes in clothes, jazz and mating rites. The regime has yielded to youth's demands for its own distinctive styles: is actually manufacturing blue jeans for the first time. For the Jet Set, Moscow's vast GUM department store has a serviceable facsimile of an inexpensive, tight-trousered Italian man's suit for \$150; it also sells spiked heels (\$55), which even the best-heeled Muscovite miss often totes to parties in a paper bag.

Local Foreigners. Women's fashions have progressed from mere shapelessness to the Sack to the painted-on look for the

rich and daring; necklines are plunging. At Moscow's heated open-air swimming pools, which are open year-round, Victorian-style swim suits have yielded to two-piece costumes for girls. "Jones," as Moscow University jets call their girls (after the heroine in antediluvian Tarzan movies that reached Russia after World War II), are discovering eye shadow, generally paint their nails; they most frequently sport bouffant or Bardot hairdos, though Audrey Hepburn cuts (\$1.50) and permanents (\$6) are gaining in popularity. Hip guys, or *firmennye* (literally, foreign firms), go for white shirts and solid ties from France; but hard-to-get button-down shirts and striped ties from the U.S. Ivy League are the most. Bell-bottom trousers, longtime mark of Soviet orthodoxy, are worn only by servicemen, hayseeds, and Nikita Khrushchev.

At the Metropole and National hotel dining rooms, and at the Budapest, one of the top Moscow restaurants, dance orchestras thump out the latest hits almost as fast as they come over the Voice of America's unjammed "Music U.S.A." broadcasts, which thousands of Russians record on tape. There are status-conscious college kids who try to impress compatriots by pretending they are tourists, usually *Amerikantsy*. Some even label themselves "local foreigners," call other *baron* (good guys) in their set by secret American names hybridized from Hollywood, e.g., Audrey Monroe, Charlee Taylor. A good many more-sober young Russian intellectuals scorn such fantasies. But they too look to the West, avidly devour the works of top Western authors.

Pelvic Polka. Youth's greatest malaise is simple Soviet boredom. Endless bitter jokes damn the drabness of life under Communism. Asks one: "Is there life on Mars?" Answer: "No, there isn't any there either." Asks another: "Is it possible to build Communism in only one country?" "Certainly, but who wants to live there?" Russia lacks the drugstores, coffee bars or bowling alleys where the young can congregate, although there is a scattering of ice cream parlors. Cinemas are few and crowded; getting tickets to the Bolshoi or Moscow Art Theater takes hours of waiting in line.

In the past year, the regime has cautiously permitted the opening of a few attractive clubs, such as Moscow's *Aclita*, where young people can sip soft drinks or wine and dance to Dixieland. The snag: Komsomol (Young Communist League) trustees at the door see that only the faithful get in. Young Russians yearn for spring, when they can flee jam-packed apartments for the parks. Although Russia is generally a pristine society, on dance floors young couples often look themselves in a pelvic polka that makes the twist look like a minuet.

Though the official press denounces writers who picture "angry young men" as a "disappointed generation," it is devoting an ever increasing amount of space to letters, articles and sermons on youth's problems. There has been a startling increase in alcoholism among the young (but a decline in adult drinking); Mos-

cow has twelve sobering-up tanks where grim pictures of passed-out repeaters are taken and pinned on the bulletin board at their factory or university.

Red Squares. Most conspicuous symptom of youthful unrest is a bumper crop of hooligans and delinquents. A recent "anti-parasite" law has thinned out the sharply dressed young *stilyagi* (Teddy boys) who loiter on Brod-vay, as they call Moscow's Gorky Street. Prosperous "bezniznits" still supply customers with every black market commodity from call girls to non-Red lipstick (Soviet lipstick is seldom available in any shade but dark



PUSHKIN IN THOUGHT
From the past, moral passion.

red). They get their stocks mostly from tourists—often in exchange for "ancient" ikons fresh from the ikon factory—but can get almost any item through a smuggling network centered in Odessa.

Since Nikita Khrushchev substituted peaceful coercion for Stalin's rule of terror, he has stripped the police of many of their former powers. The Komsomol, which helps keep youth in line, now shares routine police duties with the officious *Druzhinniki*, the neighborhood civilian deputies, who wear red armbands on patrol. Komsomol zealots break up café brawls, keep a sour eye out for *stilyagi* and other "nonconformists." Last fall they broke up open-air poetry sessions in Mayakovsky Square, the haunt of Moscow's poetry buffs, charged that young bards were declaiming "slandereous" verse.

Not even the children of the Soviet rich and powerful can afford to defy the Komsomol. If a student skips its pep talks or evades spare-time labor on farms and construction sites, he risks an unfavorable *kharakteristika*, a report-card-cum-loyalty-rating, which can lead to his dismissal from a university and, most likely, a disciplinary spell in the unpopular Asian virgin lands. If a Russian gets fired from his job, he is in deep trouble, since he can only be hired by the same employer—the

state. Westerners are often perplexed by the abruptness with which young Russians can by turns be warmly outspoken or gruffly uncommunicative, as resentment of regimentation battles with fear of the ever present fist of the government.

Some of Evgeny Evtushenko's most quoted verses are allegorical thrusts at Komsomol squares. He declares: "I simply laugh at phones and fakes." In a 1957 poem called "The Nihilist," Evtushenko described a tight-trousered student who read Hemingway, preferred Picasso to Stalin's pet painter Alexander Gerasimov, and was unfairly condemned for his "un-Russian tastes" by narrow-minded parents. After the youth dies while saving a friend's life, the poem relates, his diaries show that he was no nihilist but "clean and straight." Evtushenko himself was drummed out of the Komsomol as a nihilist the same year. Though readmitted in 1959, he still draws heavy fire from rabid, right-wing party pundits who react to many of his poems as if they were financed by the CIA.

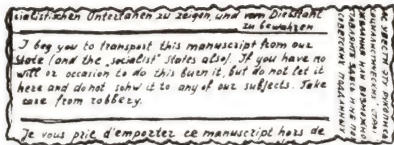
Pygmy Spitfire. Evtushenko's most provocative poem to date, written last year, is a pointed, poignant outcry against the anti-Semitism that to his generation symbolizes Khrushchev's most sinister legacy from the czars' and Stalin's reigns of terror. Named "Babi Yar," for the ravine outside Kiev where the Nazis massacred 90,000 Jews, the poem taunts anti-Semites: *I am as hateful to them as a Jew,*

And that makes me a real Russian. Conservative critics howled that "Babi Yar" is "pygmy spitfire" aimed at the "crew-cut Russian lads" who died in World War II. The crew-cut fourth generation thought it was great. In Mayakovsky Square last October, a crowd of more than 5,000 yelled "Babi Yar" until Evtushenko recited the 53-line poem.

Swash-buckling Zhenya Evtushenko is a virile, versatile poet with some of the moral passion of Russia's 19th century writers and an impish individualism all his own. His verse is by turns idealistic and irreverent, tender, irascible and brash. "I'm of Siberian stock," brags one of his poems. "I fear nobody's lip."

My Life, My Death. Evtushenko's party enemies have labeled him "peevish," "formalist," "revisionist," and every other -ist on the list save Communist, which he is, and is careful to show he is. But to Zhenya's worldly-wise contemporaries, a venomous review in the *pravilnyy* (square) literary journals is the best advertisement of a writer's integrity. Since his first, ingenious volume, which delighted the squares, all six of his books have been panned by the right pundits, snapped up, parroted throughout Russia, published abroad in 10 languages. Critic Boris Sarnov, a longtime Zhenyaphobe, conceded that if he appeared in Moscow's Luzhniki Stadium (capacity: 105,000), "he would fill the place."

Going to the other extreme, some Western critics have hopefully deduced from his unpopularity with Stalinist critics that Evtushenko is a rebel against the system and a secret ally of the West. In fact, though not a party member, he is permitted exceptional latitude only because



NOVELIST NARITSKA'S NOTE

For him who persists, a "mental home."

he is careful to leave his basic allegiance to country and system in no doubt. "For my country," he writes, "my life and my death." In criticizing its abuses, he explains, his aim is to improve, not destroy, the Soviet society. Says he: "The banner is undented, even though some of its bearers stumbled in the mire." Evtushenko and other literary gadflies resemble a loyal opposition, whose foe is the Stalinist rearguard in Moscow and Peking; they have been called the New Left. Says an anti-Stalinist Soviet official: "Evtushenko & Co. are not a cancer, just a head cold."

Pancake Poet. And so, in a way, Evtushenko's courage has not been put to the severest test as Pasternak's was. But if a change came in his fortune, Zhenya would not be the first Evtushenko to suffer for his views. In the wave of repression that followed Czar Alexander II's assassination in 1881, Great-Grandfather Joseph Ev-

tushenko was banished from the Ukraine as a suspected subversive, died on the grueling 3,500-mile trek to eastern Siberia. Joseph's 13 children settled finally in Zima, a bleak lumber station on the trans-Siberian railroad, where Zhenya was born in 1933. Son of a concert singer and a geologist father, Zhenya spent his early childhood in the old quarter of Moscow. There he lived with his gifted, handsome mother Zinaida and her father, a grizzled artilleryman who was a lieutenant general when he vanished forever during Stalin's 1938 Red army purge. Shortly after, Zhenya's father left Zinaida, explained that her father's "crimes" endangered his career. Zhenya, who adopted his mother's surname, never forgave him.

His literary flair was there from the first. At ten, he wrote a novel; at twelve, he was jotting down his own verses for folk melodies. One day in 1945 he heard a group of washerwomen singing his lyrics. "That did it," says he. "From then on I was poetry-struck." After wartime evacuation to Zima, he made goalkeeper on an all-Moscow schoolboy team and signed up for professional soccer. Day before he was to report for training, *Soviet Sport* published his first poem to see print, and Zhenya turned his sights on literature's big league. He started turning out poems "like pancakes," mostly flat odes to stock Stalinist subjects. ("Very bad," he admits.) They opened the door to Gorky Literary Institute, where he studied desultorily for years without graduating.

Creative Schizophrenia. Zhenya was 19 when Stalin died. In revulsion from political themes, he sought refuge in love lyrics. The conservative critics who had effusively praised his first, insipid book of verse savaged his second, making the book an overnight hit and Zhenya a national name. Ever since, says Evtushenko, he has suffered from creative schizophrenia; when he writes love poetry he is attacked for escapism; when he returns to social themes he is faulted for wasting his lyric talent. The same ambivalence, he grins, marks Pushkin, his idol. His other heroes: Boris Pasternak; Hemingway. "My favorite prose writer by far": Fidel Castro, whom he quotes gleefully as saying "Art should be free"; and Poet Vladimir Mayakovsky, the explosively original Bolshevik suicide who, like Evtushenko 30 years later, bitterly satirized the smug commissars of his time.

Along with Evtushenko, almost all the

COOL COMRADES

Russia's hip generation proclaims its independence with a language all its own. For *chuvaki*, or cool kids, slang also serves a highly practical purpose: it is incomprehensible to parents who may be listening in. To Russian teenagers, *flesh-royal* (from royal flush) means "the most"; *pravilny* (literally, proper) is "square."

Flesh-Royal: Any *labukh*, or musician, particularly a *lobat* (jazzman). One's own *tachika* (literally, wheelbarrow), or car. All *firmenyye* (gone guys) and any *kleyavay chirovika* (classy chick). Anyone with a *kusok* (one G in rubles) or enough *bushki* (dough) for a *zhelezny* (terrific) night on the town and a *motor* (taxi) back to the *khat* (pad).

Pravilny: *Intouristy* (literally, foreign visitors), meaning any of the locals who are dumb enough to swallow the party line. *Koni* (parents, literally horses), *seriuki* (old squares, grey ones) and *gady* (cops, literally reptiles). Anyone else who gets you into a *luzh* (jam), such as a *pishon* (stoolie) or *piraty* (secret police), otherwise known as *iskusstvovedy* (literally, art experts).

ablest writers of the New Left are preoccupied with the doubts and dreams of Soviet youth. The most notable: Vladimir Tendryakov, a young prose writer whose most memorable story, about an escaped convict who bilks his rescuers, is a horrifying allegory aimed subtly at ex-Convict Joseph Stalin; Victor Rozov, most censured and celebrated for a script about a disturbed youth who cannot understand how his elders could defend evil from political necessity; Vasily Aksenov, whose young jets are pictured as mixed-up idealists; Victor Nekrasov, a psychological novelist with a penchant for the bewildered and inarticulate.

The literature of truth is still highly controversial in Russia. Poets and novelists no longer face firing squads; but a writer who goes too far can be cut off from his royalties, or locked up. One recent victim was Author Michael Naritsa, 53, who suffered exile and imprisonment under Stalin, began asking for trouble again in 1960 when he smuggled his latest novel, *The Unsung Song*, out of the country by unorthodox means: unable to contact a foreign publisher, he bundled up his manuscript, attached to it a labeled plea in four languages (*see cut*), and thrust it into the hands of two surprised West German tourists who were strolling down a Leningrad street. The tourists got it published abroad, and Naritsa got a visitation from the agents of the Committee of State Security (KGB); today he is under detention in a "mental home."

Nikita Khrushchev, who remembers well that writers helped ignite Hungary's uprising, warned Soviet authors in 1957 that if they went too far, "my hand would not tremble on the trigger." Bureaucracy still battles stubbornly to control literature, but even Nikita himself concedes that books of "quality" are more important than unreadable platitudes.

Law of Big Numbers. Evtushenko has powerful friends at court, notably Voronov, a member of *Pravda's* editorial board, and through him, *Izvestia* Editor Alexis Adzhubei. Khrushchev's son-in-law, another influential supporter is 71-year-old Novelist Ilya Ehrenburg, whose 1954 novel *The Thaw*, gave history's chapter heading to destalinization. In 1960 Evtushenko rated a passport, has subsequently wandered widely in Western Europe, Africa and elsewhere abroad. On two trips to Cuba he gathered material for a movie scenario, visited the house where Hemingway wrote *The Old Man and the Sea*. In the U.S. last year, Zhenya discovered dry martinis at Harvard, Greenwich Village jazz dives, and decided that of all the cities he has visited, "New York, in all honesty, is the best."

Evtushenko has had two wives. The first was beautiful Bella Akhmadulina, who is also one of the generation's most gifted poets. After two years in cramped quarters (one room)—young Russians' commonest cause for divorce—they parted in 1959. Since 1960, Zhenya has been married to a poised, handsome brunette named Galya, who is two years his senior and an able translator (Maugham, Salinger). Their marriage has a double chance of

success: they have a two-room apartment of their own in a new apartment building on Moscow's outskirts. It is stylishly decorated with Scandinavian furniture; the walls are lined with abstract paintings by Zhenya's friends, and the books he has hauled back from his travels.

Last week Evtushenko was finishing his movie script, which will be filmed in Cuba this spring. Two new volumes of his verse are to be published soon, and he is working on his first novel since childhood. He calls it *The Law of Big Numbers*, a ten-year project that will "attempt to apply



POET PASTERNAK
A pox on bureaucracy.

mathematical equations to the new generation of Russian intellectuals."

Strange Days. No simple equation can tell how Russia's youth will mature, or what kind of society it will inherit. With Evtushenko, it looks forward to a time when "Posterity will remember And will burn with shame Remembering these strange days/ When common honesty was called courage."

The crowds who turn out to hear the poets' work are a hopeful portent. When citizens are allowed to judge literature for themselves, when the highest officials wrangle publicly over the fundamental rights and aims of creative artists, they are engaged in the closest thing to a democratic debate that Soviet history has seen. The depth of public response to the new "literature of truth" is itself the strongest deterrent to the party diehards who would choke the debate. Most Russian specialists believe that the regime could not return to the rule of terror without a violent popular upheaval that would shake the nation to its roots. Says an old Russian adage: "If it is written with a pen, you can't remove it with a hatchet."

YUGOSLAVIA

Truth That Hurts

Milovan Djilas has been rebellious all his life, but he carried things too far when he loudly demanded that his friend and leader, Yugoslav Boss Marshal Tito liberalize his Communist regime. Tito did not agree with his Vice President and wartime partisan comrade, but nonetheless told him: "Go on writing." It was cruel advice. For his efforts, Djilas was twice arrested, sentenced to nine years in solitary confinement for writing *The New Class*, the most devastating analysis of Communism yet published. Last year, after serving 33 years of his term, the fiery Montenegrin was released on condition that he write nothing further about politics. Friends sadly predicted that he would not long remain on parole, for, as one Yugoslav exile put it, "his life is politics. You might as well ask him to stop breathing."

Last week, incorrigibly still breathing politics, Djilas, 51, was arrested for the fourth time in seven years. In bed when policemen knocked, Djilas shaved and dressed while three plainclothesmen and an investigating judge ransacked his apartment, seized some papers and manuscripts. Then Tito's onetime possible successor was whisked off to jail. The likely charge (under a new law specifically designed for people like Djilas and rushed through last month): publishing memoirs containing information damaging to the state.

Djilas' latest book, *Conversations with Stalin*, is painfully embarrassing to Tito. Any revelation of intimate Kremlin secrets might upset delicate Soviet-Yugoslav relations. The book discloses details of Tito's plan to move two army divisions into neighboring Albania and take over the Communist satellite. In January 1948, Djilas reports, Stalin enthusiastically supported the scheme, told the author: "You ought to swallow up Albania, the sooner the better." But a few days later, the Soviet dictator changed his mind, fearing Tito's increased influence in the Balkans. Hastily, Stalin sent a telegram to Belgrade warning that he would expose Tito's invasion plans if they were not called off. Five months later Tito made his break with Stalin.

Originally scheduled to appear in the U.S. in May, *Conversations with Stalin* was "indefinitely postponed" last week by the U.S. publisher (Harcourt, Brace) in the hope of sparing Djilas some danger. Djilas himself, a toughly honest man, seemed less worried about his safety. As he wrote in the book: "The truth is breaking through, even if those who are fighting for it may disappear in the process."

© Though hardly embarrassing to Tito, other fascinating snatches of Stalin's conversation with Djilas: "Churchill is the kind of who, if you don't watch him, will also a keppel out of your pocket. And Roosevelt? He dips in his hand only for bigger coins."

"The West will make Western Germany their own, and we shall turn Eastern Germany into our state . . . We shall recover in 15 or 20 years, and then we'll have another go at it."

EAST GERMANY

The Wall Disease

The maladies of East Germany are usually economic, but last week they were personal as well. Raging in East Berlin was a dysentery epidemic that so far has affected 28,000 people. Those who staggered to public comfort stations found all the toilets were closed to stop the spread of the disease. Students and faculty from East Berlin medical classes were hastily recruited to help out at the hospitals.

The disease first showed up in the port city of Rostock fortnight ago, was traced to a shipment of butter imported from Red China. Muttered one stricken East Berliner: "It's a typical disease of the Wall. Before the Wall went up, we could at least buy green vegetables in West Berlin, but all winter long we got practically no vegetables, and when this dysentery bug appeared, we had no resistance to it."

Meat supplies are also spotty, and mothers have been advised to stretch the short supplies of milk by diluting infants' bottle formulas with water. Potatoes, once a plentiful staple of the German diet, are hard to find. South of Berlin, each farm family has been told to contribute 5 lbs. of seed potatoes to plant for next year's crop.

East Germany's worsening economic situation was reported in a remarkably frank session of the Communist Party's Central Committee. Goals for the seven-year economic plan were sharply reduced and the public warned to expect further belt-cinching. Communist Boss Walter Ulbricht, in a long, glum speech plastered over more than two pages of the party newspaper, *Neues Deutschland*, blamed the persistent shortage of consumer goods on "citizens of every stratum of our society who take more out of the pot than they put into it."

Even with Berlin's Wall in place to prevent escapes, East Germany has a built-in labor shortage that can only get worse. About 60,000 production workers will be lost this year, declared Chief Planner Karl Mewis, mainly through retirement, a low birth rate, and the decision by many students to remain in school. Partly as a result of this, the projected plan rate of economic growth was slashed to 4.8%, lowest in the Communist bloc. Thus, by the end of 1962, East Germany will only be one-third as far along in increasing production as it originally planned.

BERLIN

On Again, Off Again

For once, everything was quiet around West Berlin. Soviet MIGs no longer buzzed through the air corridors; U.S. troop convoys rolled peacefully into the free city without the usual lengthy delays at the Communist checkpoints. Washington officials shrugged when asked to explain the lack of the usual Soviet harassment: there had been no secret deal between Dean Rusk and Andrei Gromyko at Geneva, they insisted, no hints of a softening of Kremlin policy. Perhaps, sug-

gested the experts, Moscow was just pausing to catch its breath before the next round of trouble.

For one group of U.S. troops, the lull was especially welcome. These were the men of the U.S. military mission* in Potsdam, deep inside the Soviet zone southwest of Berlin. Three weeks ago East German police machine-gunned a mission staff car, narrowly missed killing the two Americans inside. Immediately, U.S. European Army Commander in Chief General Bruce C. Clarke demanded an apology from his Soviet counterpart, Marshal Ivan S. Konev. When Konev's reply proved "unacceptable," Clarke hung

apology from Konev for the shooting incident, along with a friendly leave-taking handshake. Next day, by mutual agreement, the U.S. and Soviet military missions were reopened and back in business again.

GREAT BRITAIN

Bored with Mac?

After five by-election setbacks in a month, the prestige of Britain's ruling Conservative Party was in a shocking state. The Tories not only had the Labor Party to contend with these days (a most unsatisfactory alternative to most British voters), but were now confronted with



MACMILLAN ADDRESSES SCHOOLBOYS NEAR STOCKTON-ON-TEES
Scant reason for pride.

a huge padlock on the gate of the Soviet mission in Frankfurt, posted a communications truck near the entrance to report every movement of the occupants. Soviet soldiers could leave if they wished, said Clarke, but they would be tailed every inch of the way by armed U.S. troops. Two days later the Soviets retaliated in kind by sealing off the 14-member U.S. mission in Potsdam, confining them to its four-story, 20-room villa.

Last week, in West Berlin for a round of goodbyes prior to his retirement from active army service, Clarke suggested a farewell meeting to Konev. Over caviar and vodka, the pair talked in the Potsdam Soviet officers' club, then wound up their four-hour discussion in the U.S. villa. Out of the visit, to Clarke's surprise, came an

a new popularity surge by the long moribund Liberals. Last week, fearful of disaster in still another by-election, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan himself hurried to the grimy, North Country industrial town of Stockton-on-Tees to throw his weight behind the Tory candidate.

There was also a touch of sentiment in Macmillan's journey to Stockton: it was there that young Captain Macmillan won his first seat in the House of Commons in 1924. Hatless in the chilly rain, Macmillan now named Stockton's streets delightfully shaking hands and exchanging banter with tradespeople and old acquaintances. In his wake was the personable local Tory candidate, Barrister Gerald Coles, 28; he did not hope to win, for Stockton had been a safe Labor seat since 1945. What Coles, and Macmillan, hoped to achieve was at least a decisive second place over the Liberal Party candidate, for defeat by this puny group (which has not been in power since Lloyd George) would be a deep humiliation.

When the votes were in, the Tories could hardly be proud. Labor doubled its last previous plurality to 7,582 votes as

* Under 1947 agreements still in effect, the U.S., Britain and France maintain individual outposts in East Germany in exchange for similar Soviet outposts in Frankfurt, Bad Salzuflen and Baden Baden. The original purpose of the missions was to maintain liaison among the wartime Allies; now they operate as legal check-point systems: cruising the highways and keeping their eyes open for military movements.

it swept to victory. Barely in second place was Tory Candidate Coles; he squeaked in by a mere 390 votes ahead of the Liberals, who jumped from zero to 27% of the vote. The strong Liberal showing indicates a Liberal appeal to the working class as well as white-collar groups, though the cautious remembered that the Liberals had looked fine in early by-elections before, only to fizzle out at general election time.

Conservative chiefs blamed the times not themselves. Said Tory Party Chairman Iain Macleod: "We're not as a nation confident of our future. We've not as a nation been ready to face the reappraisal that must follow the closing of the chapter of imperial power." Others had a simpler answer. Suggested the solidly Tory *Sunday Times*: "The country has become fatigued with the same faces expounding the same measures in the same clichés. The Conservative Party is losing its grip on middle-class loyalties, and it bores the public to a pulverizing degree."

FRANCE

All in Favor Say Aye

President Charles de Gaulle has decided that the best way to run France is by referendum, "the clearest, frankest, most democratic practice there is. It is becoming a French custom." It also had the advantage that the President could determine the need, the timing, and the phrasing of any plebiscite.

This week the people of France went to the polls to vote on two linked questions: 1) approval of De Gaulle's peace agreement with the Algerian F.L.N., and 2) empowering De Gaulle to take all "necessary" measures relating to Algeria. Each voter was issued pieces of paper already stamped "yes" and "no" for easy deposit in the nearest ballot box. Conservatives, most Socialists—even the Communists—all urged yes. Only the extreme supporters of *Algérie Française* demanded a no.

In a confident nationwide broadcast on the eve of the referendum, De Gaulle made the choice all the simpler by suggesting that each yes vote would be a personal endorsement for "Le Grand Charles."

The Losing Game

Fearing rejection by French voters in their homeland this week (see above), the European terrorists of the Secret Army Organization tried to minimize its effect in advance. They had long boasted that, except for a few rebels, their Moslem "brothers" in Algeria really were as determined to stay French as they themselves were. They tried desperately to prove their point by moving out of their two city strongholds of Algiers and Oran and gaining a foothold in the Moslem countryside.

Private Regiment. The area was chosen with special care: the grasslands at the foot of Ouarsenis mountains, 100 miles



CHIEF BOUALEM & FRIEND
More realist than romantic.

west of Algiers. It is a region inhabited by some 10,000 Berber tribesmen who are ruled by their French-appointed *bachaga* (chief). Said Boualem, 55, a tall, gaunt landowner with the commanding face of a Sioux warrior, Boualem is an ex-major of the French army and was repeatedly decorated for gallantry in the Italian campaign of World War II. Best of all, he was a comrade-in-arms and old friend of ex-Colonel Jean Gardes, a top aide of S.A.O. Leader Raoul Salan. During the six years of the F.L.N. rebellion, Boualem showed his solidarity with the Europeans by raising a private regiment

of 2,000 Moslems (equipped and paid by the French army) and leading them in a series of bloody engagements that cleared his district of F.L.N. guerrillas.

Confident that Boualem would help him, Gardes slipped into the countryside and headed for the Ouarsenis region with a commando of 140 men. Disguised in French uniforms, they captured three French outposts en route before their startled army defenders could fire a shot. Then Gardes called on Boualem at his huge grey-stone house in the village of Lamartine, excitedly told him that now was the time to strike a blow for *Algérie Française* by ordering his 2,000-man force to help the Secret Army hold the outposts against French counterattack.

Abandoned Hope. But Boualem is far more a realist than a romantic. To Gardes's shock, he flatly refused to cooperate, even tipped off the local French commander that the outposts had fallen. Later he explained that Gardes is a "sensationally good officer, but he walked into this situation like a child. I saw straightaway that he could not win." He added "I refused to allow my men to fire on French conscripts." With the defection of a "good friend" like Boualem, the Secret Army must abandon what little hope it had of setting up "insurrectional zones" in the Moslem countryside. Its fury, as before, will be limited to the big coastal cities like Algiers, where last week Secret Army terrorists committed a particularly senseless act of brutality by invading a Moslem hospital for tuberculars, gunning down 17 patients in bed or in flight, and then dynamiting a wing of the building.

SYRIA

Revolt No. 8

In Syria, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser was zone, but not forgotten. And even though the Syrian army last fall broke the four-year-old union with Egypt and brought to power a civilian government, nobody in the army wanted to go back to the bad old days of government indifference to social problems.

The new government began eroding such measures of "Arab socialism" as land reform and nationalization. Fortnight ago the Syrian officer corps overthrew the civilian government and threw the President and his top officials in jail on charges of "corruption and sabotage." But the army corps was not united on what next. Some just wanted a left-of-center government free of Egyptian domination. A younger group of officers, especially those in the Aleppo garrison in the north, wanted a rebirth of the union with Egypt as well as a return to Nasser's all-out socialist policies.

Pocket Money. Last week the army split broke out into the open. Commander in Chief General Abdel Karim Zahreddin, a middle-of-the-roader, tried to get the two factions together in the middle-of-the-road town of Homs. Up from ancient Damascus came the conservative, high-ranking officers who supported Gen-



TERRORIST GARDES
More child than officer.



Keeping satellite radios on the air

Now broadcasting signals from space—atomic-powered transmitters in the Transit 4-A and 4-B satellites. Each transmitter's generator is fueled with plutonium 238 ... processed by Monsanto for the Atomic Energy Commission. This new power source, a giant step into

the atomic-space age, will help transmit data for at least five years—several times as long as earlier atomic-powered transmitters. Another example of how Monsanto moves on many fronts to serve you. Monsanto Chemical Company, St. Louis 66, Missouri.



Why a Scallop Shell inspired a world-famous trademark

● In the early nineteenth century, seafaring men returning to London from the Orient brought bags full of seashells from faraway shores. Many of these shells were bought by one Marcus Samuel, who, in turn, offered them for sale in his curio shop.

The shells found quick favor with Victorian ladies as ornamentation, and the house of Marcus Samuel prospered. Soon it was importing shells from the East by the shipload.

Later, Marcus Samuel's sons broadened this trade with the Far East. In their ships . . . all bearing seashell names . . . the first bulk cargo of kerosene moved through the Suez Canal. And when a company was formed to engage in the oil business, a scallop shell was chosen as its trademark.

Marcus Samuel's sons had no way of knowing that the enterprise they founded would one day form the nucleus of the Shell Companies. But even if they *had* known, they could hardly have picked a more suitable symbol than the scallop shell.

Since antiquity the shell has symbolized the sea, the voyage and the quest. Venus, born of the sea, was identified with the shell. It was the badge of pilgrims to the shrine of apostle, St. James—and of Crusaders in their quest to the Holy Land.

In our day, as name and trademark of the Shell Companies, the shell continues to be the sign of the quest. Under this symbol, Shell men explore the most difficult places on earth to enrich the world's oil supplies. They drill in arctic wastes, deserts, even under the floors of the seas.

In laboratories the world over, Shell research people pursue the quest in their search for new and better products from petroleum—new chemicals to increase man's food supply, new plastics that can withstand tremendous heat, and, of course, finer gasolines and motor oils.

We hope the sign of Shell reminds you of the men and women who never stop asking why, who never give up the search for excellence, for new ideas, new products, new ways to serve you. *The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipe Line Corporation; Shell Development Company; Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.*



SIGN OF A BETTER FUTURE FOR YOU





The Sixty-Two Convertible • Jeweled "V" and Crest created in emeralds and diamonds by Harry Winston, Inc.

Cadillac grandeur

Wherever highways lead and quality is recognized, the Cadillac car engenders
a degree of respect that is unique in the world of possessions.

eral Zahreddin; down from Aleppo in the north came hotheaded, pro-Nasser junior officers of Colonel Louis Atassi. After a nightlong acrimonious debate, the officers emerged smiling into the daylight to announce complete agreement.

On paper, it seemed a victory for the Nasserites, Colonel Abdel Karim Nahlawi, a ringleader of the original coup, and six of his more conservative associates were denounced for "seeking personal power" and exiled to Switzerland (each was consoled with \$3,000 in expense money from the national treasury). The Damascus high command promised to rule the country with Nasser socialism, minus Nasser, and agreed to a national plebiscite on the question of reunion with Egypt and an eventual return to what was described as "clean democracy."

Road to Aleppo. Returning to Aleppo, the pro-Nasser officers were greeted by jubilant crowds of soldiers, students, police and workers singing Nasser songs and shouting Nasser slogans. Huge new color pictures of Nasser billowed from office buildings and military headquarters. Nasser partisans seized control of Aleppo radio and practically declared war on Damascus by announcing that "free officers" were in control of northern Syria and demanding instant union with Egypt. "We belong heart and soul to Nasser!" cried the announcer. "We are his lion cubs! Long live Arab unity!"

The word reached the capital of Damascus that 20 "moderate" Syrian military men had been murdered by Nasserite mobs. While he quietly made sure of the loyalty of other garrisons, General Zahreddin imposed martial law on Damascus, closed the nation's borders and airports, and sited batteries of recoilless guns on the road to Aleppo.

When preparations were complete, Zahreddin broadcast an ultimatum ordering "all officers and soldiers of the Aleppo garrison" to be confined to barracks. A Russian-made jet of the Syrian air force dropped two bombs in a futile attempt to knock out the Aleppo transmitter. The announcer hysterically broadcast news of the attack and begged Nasser to send Egyptian paratroops to save the situation. But Cairo replied only that Nasser "heard with grief-stricken heart the report of air operations by the Syrian air force against the people and army of the northern region."

Damascus radio blasted the Aleppo officers as "traitors" who were taking orders from their "masters in Cairo." An armored column, spearheaded by 56 Russian T-54 tanks, drove northward toward Aleppo. Since it was clear that no help was coming from Cairo, the rebels hastily submitted, and, even before the armored column reached Aleppo's outskirts, the garrison humbly informed Damascus it was obeying orders and confining itself to barracks. Relatively bloodless though it was, the Aleppo revolt nevertheless made history of a sort—it was Syria's second in a week, its eighth in 13 years and, finally, the only military revolt in Syria that has ever failed.

NEW GUINEA

Dutch Squeeze

Indonesian guerrillas crept through the dense jungles of Dutch New Guinea last week, and it became clear that Indonesia's President Sukarno was at last going to do more than talk about grabbing the disputed territory that he calls West Irian. He also adroitly deployed psychological warfare: Indonesia broadcast reports of widely spaced new landings on New Guinea's coast and Waigeo Island, forcing the Dutch to spread out their meager defenses (5,800 combat troops). And by compelling The Hague to ship new troops to the Pacific on the eve of a big debate on New Guinea in the Dutch Parliament.



STRATEGIST SUKARNO
Nipping toward a climax.

Sukarno played shrewdly on the knowledge that a bloody defensive war would be unpopular in The Netherlands.

When Netherlands Premier Jan de Quay announced that he would send 1,400 more troops to New Guinea this week, the minority Calvinist Anti-Revolutionary Party in his four-party coalition government threatened to defect rather than risk voters' ire. The troubled Calvinists requested a postponement of the debate. Sukarno increased the pressure on Dutch public opinion by offering to send his powerful vice premier, Mohammad Yamin—who is in charge of Sukarno's West Irian "development planning"—to Washington for a new round of talks on a settlement.

The Dutch government, though it would like to be free of New Guinea peacefully, stuck to its guns. Argued De Quay's Foreign Minister Joseph Luns: "How can you go to the conference table announcing in advance that you will capitulate on the very issue you are going to talk about?" Finally the Calvinists caved in, and the government won majority support for its refusal to hand over New Guinea.

And so Sukarno went back to his military preparations. More than 25,000 Indonesian invasion troops are now in training, and even young girls in treader pants and green forage caps drill in Djakarta parks. In Hong Kong and Tokyo, Indonesian agents are shopping for the landing craft that Sukarno needs to ferry troops across 1,600 miles of sea to New Guinea.

WORLD LAW

Ancient Goal

In the city where civilization first fashioned an international rule of law, a small group of lawyers and jurists last week sought to write new laws for an age that seeks that ancient and still distant goal: world peace. The Rome meeting was called the European Conference of World Peace Through the Rule of Law, and was the fourth and final "continental" gathering (the others were held in Costa Rica, Japan and Nigeria) in preparation for a worldwide rule of law conference planned for New Delhi next year.

The 150-page working paper had already gone through 17 drafts during discussions by more than 1,000 lawyers from 79 nations. In Rome, 32 delegates from 24 nations (including the Soviet Union) gave their approval to the document. Said U.S. Observer Charles S. Rhyne, past president of the American Bar Association and current chairman of its special Committee on World Peace Through the Rule of Law: "It's the best statement of international law that exists."

But lip service to international law is scant guarantee of international peace, said Rhyne, "unless a structure is created permitting the peaceful settlement of disputes." Otherwise, "it seems inevitable that the gargantuan military establishments created for our protection, and which are suspended over all of us like a sword of Damocles, may ultimately be used for our mutual destruction . . . It is an unfortunate truth of our era that at a time of so many spectacular achievements, the area of knowledge of how to replace force with law is, in fact, the world's greatest underdeveloped area."

Contributing little toward correcting such backwardness was Soviet Delegate Victor Chkhikvadze, vice president of the Law Institute of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, who seized the occasion to plug Moscow's proposals for total unimpeded disarmament. Nevertheless, there was unanimous approval of the conference's consensus report, which urged the acceptance of international law by the world community, agreement by all nations of compulsory jurisdiction by the International Court of Justice,* and establishment of an expanded world court system to include regional and specialized tribunals.

* Of 107 states involved, only to accept the World Court's compulsory jurisdiction. Many of these, to said British Delegate Lord Shawcross, "including the U.S., have attached reservations which make their acceptance, to say the least, less than fully effective."

THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

The Man Who Became a Hope

As a rabble-rousing labor leader, Brazil's João ("Jango") Goulart never hesitated to make political time with anticapitalist proclamations. "My only commitments are to the proletariat," he once said. As an opportunistic Vice President under Jânio Quadros, he toured Red China, heaping



BRAZIL'S GOULART

A twine about the recent past.

praise on Mao Tse-tung's regime as "an example that shows how people can emancipate themselves from the yoke of their exploiters." Last week Goulart, now President of Latin America's highest and most important nation, arrived in Washington for a seven-day visit to the U.S. A 21-gun salute greeted him as he stepped from his 707 jet, and at the end of the red carpet stood President Kennedy. Said Kennedy: "We look to the future with hope. Our hope comes in part because of the leadership that you are giving to your own great country."

Moderate & Reassuring. The enthusiastic welcome for the new João Goulart was accompanied by only a few twinges about his recent past. When he was in line for the presidency after Jânio Quadros' abrupt resignation last August, Goulart was the object of grave apprehension both in Brazil and in the U.S. Brazil's anti-communist politicians and military men distrusted him to the point where they brought Brazil to the brink of civil war before a parliamentary system was devised to limit his powers as President. To make matters worse, Brazil, which the U.S. hoped to make a cornerstone of the Alliance for Progress, was in economic chaos; financial mismanagement had produced a zooming cost of living, a runaway curren-

cy, and a severely unbalanced foreign trade.

In his seven months in office, Goulart cannot claim to have salvaged the situation. Yet as President, he has proved surprisingly moderate in his approach. U.S. businessmen in Brazil are reassured by his apparently genuine desire for free enterprise and foreign investment. And he also seems convinced of Brazil's desperate need for a leading role in the Alliance for Progress.

Home with Goodies. That was Goulart's message to the U.S. last week, and it was well received. In five meetings with Kennedy he found sympathetic understanding for his political problems, and a willingness to help with Brazil's economic difficulties. The day Goulart arrived, Alliance officials agreed to a rapid, no-strings-attached infusion of \$144 million to help Brazil's sorely underdeveloped and Communist-ridden northeast—food, water, electricity and housing at the village level. "He came up here with the objective of getting immediate aid with no, or minimal strings," said a U.S. official. "He's going home with the goodies."

In turn, Goulart sought to clear up the bedeviling issue of utility company expropriations by offering fair value for any utility, provided that the company reinvests most of the money in some underdeveloped sector of Brazil's economy. Time and again he made it clear that Brazil intends to maintain its "independent" foreign policy, including relations with Communist Cuba and the Soviet bloc. But he did not interpret independence as neutrality; he expects Brazil to pursue democracy's objectives—among them a desire to end Communism in Cuba—in its own way.

The Brazilian President carried his message to New York and Omaha, where he visited the underground headquarters of the nuclear-armed U.S. Strategic Air Command, then he headed for home by way of Chicago and Mexico, taking with him a promise that President Kennedy will repay his visit with a trip to Brazil sometime this summer.

CUBA

Foreign Policy

The "trial" of the 1,179 prisoners taken in the Bay of Pigs invasion was over, and Fidel Castro himself was expected to announce swift sentences in a televised speech before his Union of Communist Youth. But Cuba's Prime Minister decided to let the prisoners—and the world—wait awhile. He did not mention the men in Havana's Principe Fortress. Instead he turned his attention to foreign affairs and, in his own peculiar brand of insult, discoursed on the character of two fellow Latin American chiefs of state.

Castro's main target was Ecuador's Carlos Julio Arosemena, who, under pressure of his own military, had just made

Ecuador the 15th hemisphere nation to break relations with Cuba.* Of all Latin America's Presidents, Arosemena has been probably the most sympathetic to Castro, and when the Ecuadorian took power last November, Fidel chorled that "it must have hit Washington like a 65-megaton bomb." But now Castro fired his own damp squib: "Arosemena was on some occasions completely intoxicated from Monday to Sunday. The reactionaries took photographs of this señor in the midst of feasts and drunken carousals. Any day, in one of these carousals the military will grab him and take him to an embassy [where] he will wake up. He has been more cowardly than Frondizi."

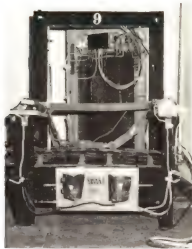
Then Castro shifted his glare to an old foe, Venezuelan President Rómulo Betancourt, who recently sharply criticized Argentina's military for overthrowing President Arturo Frondizi. Cried Castro: "Who is Señor Betancourt but a murderer of workers and students? And how does he react in the face of the Argentine case: Like a blushing prostitute."

Finally, four days after the star-chamber trial, Castro rendered his verdict on the Bay of Pigs prisoners. The men were to be offered to the U.S. at ransom: \$25,000 for an ordinary soldier, \$50,000 for each of the three invasion leaders, for a total of \$60 million. Otherwise, they faced 15 years at hard labor. The ransom sum ("Indemnity," the Cubans called it) was more than three times the amount Castro originally demanded in his infamous Tractors-for-Prisoners offer last year, and it provided eloquent testimony to Cuba's Communist-caused economic chaos.

* Those who still maintain relations with Castro: Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Uruguay.



PRESIDENT AROSEMENA
A blast from an old fan.



TRUJILLO'S ELECTRIC CHAIR
Screams over the P.A. system.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC Chambers of Horror

In the 4½ months since the last of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo's family departed, thousands of Dominicans previously silenced by terror have come forward to describe the crimes of the dead dictator's secret police, his army and personal goon squads. Last week Dominican Attorney General Eduardo Antonio García Vásquez, who investigated the stories, reported a preliminary toll: known murders plus those missing and presumed dead come to 5,700 in the past five years. The total for the Trujillo regime's full 31 years may run to the tens of thousands.

Justice has been slow in coming to the Dominican Republic. Of the several thousand members of Trujillo's dread S.I.M. (Military Intelligence Service), only a handful are under arrest; not one has been tried. The rest have either been permitted to slip into exile or are openly walking the streets; some are still on active duty.

The reason is not hard to find. Though President Rafael Bonnelly's seven-man Council of State has been installed to guide the country toward democracy, it operates under a shaky truce with the still powerful military that remains from Trujillo's time. In plain language the council is afraid to anger the trigger-happy officers by searching out the killers in their ranks. Says an official of the council: "Lots of military men are implicated. You know where we would end up if we pressed too hard."

Nine & Forty. The civilian council may find itself forced to act before long as more and more of the Trujillo's grisly secrets are put before the public. Attorney General García Vásquez reports that two of the busiest murder factories were located in the capital's environs—"La Catedral" (The Forty), so-called because it was on 40th Street in Santo Domingo, and "Kilometer Nine," beside a highway nine kilometers east of the capital. Both were run by the S.I.M., and both were equipped

with relatively unsophisticated but highly effective torture instruments. One device was an electric chair used both for shocking and for slow electrocution. Survivors know it was slow because the P.A. system blared the victims' screams throughout the cell blocks. A variant was the *Pulpo* (Octopus), a many-armed electrical device attached by means of small screws inserted into the skull. Trujillo's men also employed a rubber "collar" that could be tightened enough to sever a man's head, an 18-in. electrified rod ("the Cane") for shocking the genitals, nail extractors, leather-thonged whips, small rubber hammers, scissors for castration.

"Burned Alive." Sometimes the dictator himself took a hand in the proceedings. Carlos M. Nolasco, a former sergeant implicated in a 1959 air force conspiracy, tells of Trujillo's arriving one night at Nine to deal with eight officers arrested after the plot was broken. Says Nolasco: "The tyrant ordered the compromised officers burned alive." Other survivors tell of a ferocious murder binge immediately after Trujillo's assassination by a band of gunmen last May. Literally scores of people were horribly tortured and killed. Among the victims: General René Román Fernández, an in-law of Trujillo and secretary of the armed forces, who was suspected of playing a role in the plot. S.I.M. agents took the general to Nine, where he was left for days with his eyelids stitched to his eyeballs; he was then beaten with baseball bats, drenched with acid, exposed to swarms of angry ants, shocked repeatedly in the electric chair, and finally put out of his misery with 16 submachinegun slugs.

What eventually happened to the bodies is still largely a mystery. Only a few were handed back to relatives. The majority, investigators believe, were tossed to sharks, or were stuffed into an incinerator at nearby San Isidro airbase. Almost every day, pathetic appeals are made asking information about the disappearance of a brother, a sister, a parent. The air force has repeatedly refused the attorney general permission to look into the incinerator.

All the while, public outrage mounts. In the north coast town of Puerto Plata last week, news spread that two former Trujillo secret police agents were about to flee to Haiti aboard a Dominican freighter. Before long an angry crowd had gathered at the dock, hurling stones at the ship, screaming for the pair to be handed over. An army unit arrived, took the men from the ship to the local garrison. The mob followed, still protesting, and the soldiers reacted in familiar Dominican fashion—a burst of machine-gun fire killed one man and wounded three. Next day, in the city of Santiago, another crowd shouting "The assassins must be punished!" was dispersed by bullets, with two wounded. In Santo Domingo, the capital, night raiders revenged themselves by shooting from speeding cars at policemen, killing one and wounding two.

But no one thought that would be revenge enough.

SHAVING HURTS

*2 men
in 5*

with sensitive
DRY SKIN!

Skin doctors have the answer!

Two men in five agree: shaving makes their skin razor-raw! Skin doctors say, your skin can go dry. That means those tiny oil glands next to every whisker don't feed enough oil into your skin. Without that oil, blades scraping skin cause friction that can burn, chafe, hurt! Answer: replace that skin oil for more shaving comfort!

2 men in 5 need afta

Only Afta among all aftershave lotions offers you its special soothing formulation to help replace nature's skin-lubrication. Concentrated into every drop of Afta are three skin-soothing ingredients plus protection against infection from shaving nicks and cuts. No alcohol in Afta to sting, or dry out skin still more. Instead, only three soothing wonderdrops of Afta a day will help heal razor rawness, comfort your skin, condition it for smoother shaves, protect it against irritation from shaving—yes, and from sun, wind and weather!

GET
afta
and get rid of those shaving irritations!



PEOPLE

On the Appian Way the hollow woman with one of the world's most breathtaking shells determinedly pursued her whims. Rome—and the rest of the world—burned with prurient curiosity. Last week, while unconcernedly directing her lawyer to terminate the services of handgong Fourth Husband Eddie Fisher, **Elizabeth Taylor**, 30, tirelessly sought to turn a more prideful head. Liz's latest quarry, the Mark Antony to her Cleopatra, Richard Burton, seemed cheerfully prepared to indulge her exhibitionistic hinges of togetherness on the Via Veneto and to relish his odd-hour neighborly access to her villa. But he was careful to keep the home fires burning with a weekend rendezvous in Paris with Wife Sybil. As the tasteless, tedious charade wore on, even some of the professional sensation seekers of the press began to feel sated. Rome's *Lo Spettacolo* yawned, "Basta con Liz (Enough of Liz)," and Milan's earnest *Corriere della Sera* austere vowed to "try not to publish anything concerning the infernal Elizabeth for 24 hours." But with some \$20 million already sunk in the seemingly bottomless *Cleopatra*, 20th Century-Fox had scant choice but to try to make a virtue of the peccadilloes of its irreplaceable star. Where Fox President Spyros Skouras last month jetted to Rome in a frantic effort to suppress Liz's infatuation for Burton, the studio now turned resignedly wry. Joining in the tastelessness, *Cleopatra* Director Joseph Mankiewicz, himself an often-reported Liz diversion, deadpanned "The real truth is that I am in love with Burton and Miss Taylor is the cover-up for us." Fox flacks, who before the divorce announcement were dispensing nothing but tender claptrap about the enduring bond between Liz and Fisher, were finally dis-



SUITED



PRINCESS RADZIWILL
Motchless toste.



GOWNED

playing more characteristic cinemette. "A little intramural lovemaking," declared one P.R. man cheerily, "never hurt the box office." A lot of people might be waiting to see the film; a lot more could hardly wait for the script to end.

Although the fashion trade is grateful to **Jacqueline Kennedy** for doing so much for style and business, unrestrained and sustained enthusiasm is apparently too much to ask of it. Last week a 34-year-old Manhattan couturier (among his clients: Marilyn Monroe) named John Moore rocked a Philadelphia fashion forum with the charge that the First Lady's frocks are "ill-fitted. Her skirts are much too short, her feet are too big for that type of shoe, and she has a big face with far too much hair." By contrast, Moore

went on, Jackie's kid sister. **Princess Radziwill**, 29, was a paragon worthy of Seventh Avenue heaven: "Always immaculate, her clothes hang beautifully. Her hair is flatteringly styled for her face, and her shoes suit her legs." While the First Family took the bitter with the sweet in decorous silence, Manhattan's Oleg Cassini, who designs much of Jackie's wardrobe and knows how to wield a needle as well as the next garment worker, was "too sickened" to restrain himself, blasted rising Rival Moore's "bad manners" as "a discredit to the industry."

About to wind up a two-year retooling of their nation's constitution, Yugoslavia's top jurists thoughtfully wrote in a clause decreeing that any elected officials legally recognized as "legendary personages of the Yugoslav people" could continue in office indefinitely without undergoing the inconvenience of running for re-election. Sole "legendary personage" designated so far, Yugoslavia's three-term President, Marshal **Josip Broz Tito**, 60.

After stealing the show with a 45-minute extemporaneous speech at the Interstate Commerce Commission's 75th anniversary ceremonies, the Supreme Court's unlagging **Felix Frankfurter**, 79, collapsed at his desk from a brief stoppage of blood flow to the brain. That night, at George Washington University Hospital, the latest great dissenter of the U.S. bench was once again "quite chipper," but probably in no position to dissent from his doctor's injunction to take a short period of rest.

Talking as tantalizingly as she has written in a lunch-table interview with a New York *Herald Tribune* critic, Novelist (*Ship of Fools*) **Katherine Anne Porter**, 71, briskly dispatched France's Jean Paul Sartre ("I despise him—first, because of his attempt to Germanize French thought, and second, because he doesn't seem to know anything about human beings"), disposed with equal deadliness of the favorite subject matter of Sartre's alter ego



EDDIE FISHER



MRS. FISHER & MR. BURTON
Tasteless chase.



SYBIL BURTON

Author Simone de Beauvoir ("Being a woman is exciting, and I wouldn't know how to be anything else, but I just can't bear to read about it"), and keynoted the discourse with a Mexican toast. Her translation: "Health and money, more power to your elbow, many secret love affairs and time to enjoy them."

"Who's boss in a concerto—the conductor or the soloist?" rhetorically demanded the New York Philharmonic's Maestro **Leonard Bernstein**, 43, in his latest outburst of podium pedagogy. Answer: "Sometimes one, sometimes the other, but almost always the two manage to get together"—except in the case that prompted Lenny's musings: the latest Philharmonic appearance of intractable but talented Pianist **Glenn Gould**, 29. After explaining to the 2,800 in the audience that he disapproved of Gould's interpretation of Brahms's *D Minor* but would defend to the death an artist's right to experiment, Lenny democratically beckoned the intense Canadian to the stage. Gould—who considers his pinkies too precious for any more effusive greeting—gratefully touched Bernstein's fingertips and launched into his very special, barely audible and snail-like reading of the work. Snorted one New York critic. "All the whole thing proved is that Gould is not a good Brahms player, and that we might have discovered for ourselves."

By a split-level decision, the nation's loftiest heroes got the wall-to-wall carpeting pulled out from under them. A week after the seven U.S. astronauts received tacit NASA consent to accept fully furnished, \$24,000 houses as a gift from the Houston Home Builders Association, Pathfinder **John Glenn** showed up in Washington for what was rumored to be White House-inspired reconsideration. The result: an announcement that the astronauts will pass up the gift houses out of a somewhat belated recognition that misunderstanding of their motives "would undercut the stature of the astronauts and of the space program."

Having already etched a redoubtable academic reputation for his monographs on marsupial embryology and anatomy, Australian-born Zoologist **Theodore Thomson Flynn**, 76, closeted himself at the English Channel resort of Hove to finish off a book designed to "set the record straight" on a more complex mammal: his late son Errol. While insisting that "the Errol the public knew—the hard-drinking, hell-raising womanizer—was a legend created by himself for publicity," the retired Belfast University professor (who recently celebrated his 44th wedding anniversary) conceded that his boy was not "perfect by any means. But neither was he wicked. Not our Errol. The point is this: he led the kind of life every man secretly longs to lead, but most men don't have the ability or the guts to do it . . . On the whole, I think he used his talents and gifts in the best way he could. I was never disappointed in Errol."



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2) BMW, GERMANY



3) LANCIA, ITALY



4) MERCEDES, GERMANY



5) LINCOLN, U.S.A.



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7) ROVER, ENGLAND

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One of them costs only \$2250[†] complete.
Its name is Peugeot.

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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Wasteland Revisited

One year after he told the National Association of Broadcasters that they were the overlords of a "vast wasteland," FCC Chairman Newton Minow stood before the same group in Chicago last week. "My speech last year ran about 6,000 words," he said. "Only two of those words seem to have survived. All of you know the two words I mean—*public interest*." The broadcasters chuckled manfully.

Minow could justifiably take credit that his campaign against shoddy, dollar-grubbing television programming had forced the TV industry to think a little more about its responsibility to its audience. News and special-events directors, long abused in the board rooms for costing money without bringing more in, could thank him for the new prestige and new power they enjoy within their companies. Though he has to make do with rhetoric when he cannot compel reform, Minow, 36, a onetime law partner of Adlai Stevenson, has exercised greater influence over broadcasting than the FCC has ever shown before.

Cleared Chaos. This time Minow turned his attention to radio, a field too barren to be called a wasteland. There are more than three times as many radio stations now, he pointed out, as there were at the end of World War II; but most of them are run on the cheap, and the net result has amounted to air pollution. "In too many communities," said Minow, "to twist the radio dial today is to be shoved through a bazaar, a clamorous casbah of pitchmen and commercials which plead, bleat, pressure, whistle, groan and shout. Too many stations have turned themselves into publicly franchised jukeboxes." And, unfortunately, "radio stations do not fade away, they just multiply."

To consider everything from a tightening of regulations over radio commercials to a possible moratorium on licenses for new AM stations, he proposed an "informal, face to face, shirtsleeves working conference" between the FCC and radio executives.

Picture Window. Punctuating his message with such quotable slogans as "Man does not live by ratings alone" and "Public trusts are not to be sold like sacks of potatoes," Minow also reviewed the commission's accomplishments in TV during his tenure. The FCC has set up an education branch to help the growth of educational TV. It is pushing for dozens of new channels in the ultra-high frequencies to open up competition and hopefully lift the general quality of commercial television. Experiments in pay TV have been both condoned and conducted. Some 14 stations have been put on probation because of violations of FCC regulations, mainly for packing excessive commercials around their programs.

The hapless broadcasters seemed to take



FCC CHAIRMAN MINOW
This year, the clamorous Casbah.

it all in with respect if not with enthusiasm. And when Minow's speech turned into a Ciceronian cannonade at the end they at least knew from a year's experience that it might prove more than mere oratory. "We have much to learn from the great American audience," he told broadcasters. "Television spends a great deal of time and effort measuring that audience. While this has been going on, the audience has been taking the measure of television—and I think the audience is ahead of you . . . For the nation, you are our concert hall, our newsroom, our stadium, our picture window to the world. You

shape the national conscience, you guide our children, and you have it in your hands and hearts to shape history. Am I guilty of asking too much of broadcasting? Or are you guilty of asking too little?"

Nothing Else Like This

"Plop fall the plums."

Plums fall very rarely in television, but last week—with that line from an ancient Chinese poem—a major plum indeed was offered on New York's independent WNEW-TV and Washington, D.C.'s WTTG-TV. British Actor Paul Scofield (*A Man for All Seasons*) and his wife, Actress Joy Parker, read poetry for an hour, ranging from Shelley's *Ozymandias* to T. S. Eliot's *Family Reunion*, and from Lord Byron's *Don Juan* to D. H. Lawrence's *Bats*.

Full of skill in her own right, Actress Parker nonetheless seemed a recent graduate of an elocution school beside the quiet amplitude of her husband, his eyes full of disciplined gloom, his interpretations matter of fact, going surely but not hungrily for the passing ironies, proving that there is plain talk in the singing poets and essential lyricism in free verse.

Autonomy. Glowing like a match in the TV midnight, the program was the first of a ten-part series that will present some of the greatest performers ever seen on television. Called *Festival of Performing Arts*, it is produced by David Susskind and James Fleming, paid for by the Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), and planned for syndication to TV stations all over the country, which will have to find their own sponsors. Each program runs an hour—or sometimes a bit more if the material requires the extra time—and only one commercial interrupts it. This week Concert Pianist Rudolf Serkin appears with the Budapest String Quartet in an hour of Beethoven and Schumann. The cameras come down close on Serkin's surprisingly



PAUL SCOFIELD & WIFE
Glowing like a match in the TV midnight.

Love Letters to Rambler



Vice President of Capitol Life Insurance Co., Denver, Colo., J. Reuben Darr owns two 1962 Rambler Classics (these are his third and fourth Ramblers). After coast-to-coast vacations in his Rambler, he writes, "There couldn't be a better-performing car." Adding:

"TROUBLE FREE"

"My wife uses the station wagon to haul the children to their many activities. I bought the sedan to travel to and from work as well as the airport, because I travel to 37 states. I am a real Rambler booster. You are growing closer to complete success in your objective—superior craftsmanship and a trouble-free car on the road."

Ask any Rambler owner, "Say, how do you like your Rambler?" His answer will make you think twice before buying any other car. Fact is, a recent survey by a major publication shows that Rambler leads all cars in owner loyalty. Better find out why at your Rambler dealer's today.



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People who are sick and tired of working for other people!

Want to be your own boss? Over 14,000 ambitious men and women have gone into the coin-operated WESTINGHOUSE "laundromat" equipped business with the help of AID, Inc.



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are profitable and your community has need for new coin-operated laundry and drycleaning stores. Our local sales representative has a free, fact-filled brochure that could help get you started in this spare-time business while you maintain your present position or profession. Call or write today.

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pudgy fingers and recede into high overhead shots, but for the most part they keep still and leave the music uncorrupted by jazzy TV techniques.

Hands off, in fact, has been the production policy from the outset. Both Jersey Standard and the producers have guaranteed the performers autonomy and artistic freedom; hence they have been able to line up the Metropolitan Opera's George London, Violinist Isaac Stern, Guitarist Andrés Segovia and Cellist Pablo Casals for subsequent concerts. Dorothy Stickney will do readings from Edna St. Vincent Millay, Margaret Leighton will read Dorothy Parker, *A Telephone Call*, *Dusk Before Fireworks*, *The Lovely Leave*, Britain's Michael Flanders and Donald Swann will do the same, somewhat intellectual variety show they scored with on Broadway: Cyril Ritchard (*Romulus*) will appear with Hermione Baddeley in something billed as an "intimate revue of songs and sketches."

Good Business. As sponsor, Jersey Standard is shrewdly buying prestige on the cheap. Production costs are minimal. Although the shows are broadcast in so-called prime time, the price is relatively low, since they are not on a network. The artists, attracted by freedom to do what they like, are willing to work for less than their usual fees. Twice before the same sponsor has been inundated with complimentary mail while sponsoring cultural programs the trade considered commercial dross: *The Play of the Week* and the BBC series of Shakespearean histories titled *An Age of Kings*. "We believe that there is a strong demand for such entertainment," says Jersey Standard President M. J. Rathbone, "and anything we can do to help provide more of it is good business for us."

Producer Susskind, with his customary flair for show-biz type eloquence, calls *Festival of Performing Arts* "the beginning of the Qualitative Revolution." He hopes to see the program extend itself indefinitely beyond the originally scheduled ten weeks. "We may get more applause than we deserve," says Co-Producer Fleming candidly. Why? "Because there is nothing else like this, that's all."

CIRCUSES

Past Tents

Last week, just as sure as daffodils, the circus opened in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden. It was Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey's 92nd spring. The ringmaster's "Children of all ages . . ." invocation was the same, but it was obvious that things had changed.

Gone is the sawdust; rubber matting is much easier to put down and neater to take up in the auditoriums where the tentless circus now plays. The freaks are still there in the sideshow, but it is considered discriminatory to call them by that name any longer, and the placards that identify them are like something out of a natural history museum. Gone is the little house that caught on fire; gone are the Living Statues; gone is the calliope;

gone is Emmett Kelly, Gargantua, and Jo Jo, the Dog-Faced Boy. But gone, most of all, is the innocent wonderment of the pretelevision era—the squeals of delicious terror, the yelps of helpless laughter—that used to rock the Big Top before Howdy-Doody came on the scene.

But the circus is still a brave show. King Everest slides down a metal slope on skis—on his hands. Madame Gena puts a ring full of camels through high-stepping Bactrian high jinks. Unus performs the impossible on one finger atop a light globe. Harold Alzana teeters through several near falls on his 40-ft. high wire. And the Zacheinis, their cannon now billed as



LION TAMER CURRIE

A near miss was a wonder.

"atomic" are launched in a flash of gunpowder into a safety net and "recovered" in time for the next countdown.

Newest star is blonde Evelyn Currie, 20, who is appearing with Ringling Bros. for the first time this season with her "mixed wild animals."—a cage full of lions and tigers whom she wrestles, makes jump through flaming hoops, teases, and rides bareback around the cage. Three years ago Evelyn was mauled by an irate lion when she was appearing at a Shriners' circus in Chattanooga. Many circus people wondered if she could ever do the act again. Last week, on opening night, she had been in the cage only three minutes before a lion took a swipe at her. Evelyn, armed only with the traditional chair, got him under control and finished the act. Only when she went back to her dressing room beneath the arena did she discover that she was bleeding. This did not faze the girl who has spent most of her post-pubescent years in the lions' cage. Said she: "God, those cats are wonderful. They were so good to me tonight."



Photographed in Elgin, Scotland, by "21" Brands. Front row (l. to r.): Sandy Allan, Head Maltman; Willie Watson, Cooper; Willie Turner, Maltman; Bob Gammie, Mashman; Jimmy Sim, Tun Room Man; Peter Geddes, Still Man; Robbie Stewart, Still Man; Jack Grant, Maltman, Rear (l. to r.): Willie Craig, Manager; Bob Milne, Head Brewer; Jack Sinclair, Asst. Brewer; George Geddes, Head Warehouse Man; Charlie Sinclair, Asst. Warehouse Man; James Anderson, Boiler Man.

14 Scotsmen and what they do to make Ballantine's Scotch

The 14 Scotsmen you see above make a rare Highland Whisky at a Ballantine's distillery at Elgin, Scotland, hard by the North Sea. This whisky is just one of the 42 high-grade Scotch Whiskies that are harmonized to make Ballantine's sunny-light flavor. These men possess distilling skills which have been handed down from their forefathers. Each performs his task with the same patience, pride and attention to detail that have marked the making of



Ballantine's for more than one hundred and thirty years. The final result is Scotch Whisky as Scotch Whisky should be: never brash or heavy—nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds. The final result is Scotch Whisky always good-natured and sociably gentle, flaunting its authentic flavor and quality to all those who enjoy its company. Just a few reasons why: *The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.*



Bigger inside.

Inside, the Volkswagen Station Wagon looks bigger than conventional wagons.

It is.

Outside, it looks smaller.

It is.

Would you mind repeating that?

One lady explained it very simply.

"It has no front in the front," she said.

"And no back in the back."

Which is one way of saying that you can't find any wasted space.

Nothing hangs overboard anywhere.

No hood.

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So even a tiny parking spot can hold a wagon big enough for the kids to stand up and walk around in.

Or a playpen to be opened in.



Smaller outside.

Without playpens, 8 adults fit nicely.
(The number of kids that fit has never
really been settled.)

If you're big on sunshine and fresh air,
the VW's sun-roof will interest you.

It slides 'way, 'way back and stirs up a

cool breeze.

(Other wagons don't seem to have sun-
roofs. Funny thing.)

Skiers will appreciate the rear engine's
terrific traction.

Millionaires may not care, but the VW's

gas economy is really something. (About
25 m.p.g., give or take a mile or two.)

Above all, you'll find that the
VW Station Wagon is just plain
fun to drive.

It handles like a sports bus.

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travel. Eastern's "Air-Commuter" schedules offer businessmen "there today, home tonight" service between more than 60 pairs of cities. And for vacationers, there's low-cost "Air-Bus"® to Florida and Puerto Rico—the no-reconfirmation, no-frills service that makes traveling easier and saves you money in the bargain.

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SCIENCE

Party-Line Computers

For all their forbidding, mechanical bulk, the intricate electronic computers that control so much of U.S. science and industry are often sociable contraptions. Like the human beings who built them, they occasionally succumb to a compulsive need for communication with others of their own kind. Faced with a problem that seems too tough to solve, one computer is perfectly capable of seeking help from another.

Unable to complete its assigned task, a small, provincial computer may send an



KNIFE EDGE ANTENNA
Numbers over the hills

electronic S O S to a big brother in another city—provided it has already been connected to its collaborator by coaxial cable and microwave radio. Computers now being set up to keep track of seat reservations for U.S. airlines will have to chatter with one another day and night. Lest the nation's growing army of mechanical brains eventually crowd the U.S. housewife off her familiar telephone circuits and run up far too big a bill of their own, scientists for International Business Machines are already developing a private computer-communications system.

Computer talk can be fed easily into the country's microwave relay system, the high, hilltop relay stations that are a familiar part of the U.S. landscape. But IBM engineers decided not to get into expensive competition with the radio and TV programs, the phone calls, and all the other electronic chitchat, which now jump in short line-of-sight hops from coast to coast. Instead, the computer men are making use of a basic but seldom used property of microwaves.

Remembering that radio waves diffract (bend) around obstructions, the IBM engineers calculated that they could twist their transmissions right over the top of mountains and other obstructions without building repeater stations on top. They

set up a weak, 15-watt transmitter 45 miles south of San Jose, Calif., on the other side of Loma Prieta, a 3,798-ft. peak in the Santa Cruz mountains. Then they pointed their transmitter's beam of 1.855-megacycle waves in the general direction of San Jose. When the beam was aimed too high, its waves shot off into space; when the beam was too low, its waves were lost in the mountainside. But when the beam was angled just right, its waves hit the upper edge of the mountain and a small part of the radio energy was diffracted down to a sensitive receiving set in San Jose.

IBM feels sure that a microwave system using bare and costless ridges of land instead of expensive repeater stations could carry computer chatter all over the country. It would probably be too noisy to carry human conversation, but unlike their creators, computers are not bothered by noise on the phone line.

Sticky Vacuum

The two pieces of copper clung together as if welded—but there was no adhesive between them. As they explained how they turned the trick, scientists of the National Research Corp. gave U.S. technology a practical and powerful boost into space.

Metalurgists have long known why metals do not bond themselves together when they come in contact in the earth's atmosphere. Exposed to air, they have already become covered with oxide films or a thin layer of gas that keeps the metals from actually touching. National Research scientists were interested in what happens when metals touch in the hard vacuum high above the earth's atmosphere. In their space simulation chamber they created an almost perfect vacuum (10^{-10} torr[®]), the same as spacecraft encounter 500 miles above the earth. In that ultra emptiness, surface gases evaporated; oxide films, once cleaned off, did not return. And pieces of bare metals that touched together "grew" together as if welded.

National Research scientists have made pieces of metal grab each other in a vacuum until sometimes the "cold-weld" that formed had 95% of the strength of solid metal. Steel grabs strongly, and the scientists suspect that many other metals will do the same.

One lesson already learned is that moving parts of a space vehicle designed to work in a vacuum for long periods should not have simple metal-to-metal bearings. They are likely to jam in cold-welds. This may well have happened already: the phenomenon would explain the misbehavior of such moving parts as electrical relays in complicated satellites. Ordinary greasy lubricants do little good; they evaporate too quickly. National Research scientists have found a few solid materials that

[®] Scientists measure high vacuum in torrs. The torr (named after Italian Scientist Evangelista Torricelli, 1608-47, inventor of the mercury barometer) is the pressure that will support a column of mercury one-millimeter high.

AFRICA

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Alfred Lewis, Gen. Mgr.

can keep metals from sticking together, but they are not yet satisfied. They are still looking for a reliable way to make a long-lasting space bearing.

The potential problems of metals in space are numerous and annoying. But the tendency of metals to grab each other may have advantages too. When space vehicles are launched in orbit, say National Research scientists, their joints may well be made of metals that cold-weld firmly as soon as they touch.

Mr. Clean

Scientists at the Sandia Corp. in Albuquerque, where nuclear weapons are designed and assembled, have a passion for cleanliness. They have to. As weapons components are made smaller and still smaller, the presence of a single particle of dust can make larger and still larger trouble. The strictest housekeeper in all Sandia is Texas-born Physicist Willis J. Whitfield, creator of the Whitfield Ultra-Clean Room. "I thought about dust particles," he says with a slight drawl. "Where are these rascals generated? Where do they go?" Once he answered his own questions Physicist Whitfield decided that conventional industrial clean rooms are wrong in principle.

The usual system in clean rooms, which are necessary for an ever-increasing number of industrial operations, is to keep dust particles from being released. Smoking is forbidden; so are ordinary pencils, which give off graphite particles. People who work in the clean rooms are "packaged" in special boots, hoods and coveralls and are vacuum-cleaned before they enter. The rooms themselves are vacuumed continually. But despite all these precautions, each cubic foot of their air still contains at least 1,000,000 dust particles that are .3 microns (.000012 in.) or larger in diameter. This is a vast improvement over ordinary air, but Whitfield was sure he could do better. Abandoning the idea of keeping dust particles from being generated, he decided to remove them as soon as they appear.

The Whitfield Ultra-Clean Room looks like a small metal house trailer without wheels. Its floor is metal grating. It is lined with stainless steel, and along one wall the workbench faces a 4-ft. by 10-ft. bank of "absolute filters" that remove all particles above .3 microns from a slow stream of air. Most clean rooms use their filters simply to clean up incoming air. Whitfield's trick is to make the clean air from the filters keep the room clean. It flows at 1 m.p.h. (a very faint breeze) across the workbench and past the people working at it. Workmen can dress in ordinary clothes and smoke if they desire. Dandruff, tobacco smoke, pencil dust and any other particles generated are carried away by the clean air, whisked down through the grating floor, and discharged outdoors. Every six seconds the room gets a change of ultra-clean air. No particles get a chance to circulate, and as a result, Physicist Whitfield's room is at least 1,000 times as clean as the cleanest of its competitors.

Second Sight

The heart of the gadget is a TV picture tube shrunk to the size of a small flashlight. But for the person who straps it on his head, the Hughes Aircraft Company's "Electrocular" does a giant-sized job: it is as efficient as a pair of eyes in the back of the skull. A small, semi-transparent mirror projects in front of the wearer's right eye, reflecting whatever picture the TV tube presents. So close to the eye is the image that it looms large and clear, but Hughes engineers insist that a user quickly learns to look right through the picture when he wants to, concentrating on the natural scene before his eyes.

TV-addicted schoolboys equipped with Electroculars could pore over their homework while one eye kept track of the good



HUGHES ELECTROCULAR
Eyes back of the head.

guys gunning down the bad guys. But few, if any kids will get the chance. Electrocular is meant for more serious sorts of second sight, in part because it will be so expensive: several thousand dollars for the complete outfit, including the camera. The picture on its small-mirror screen will not ordinarily come from a TV studio but from a closed-circuit TV camera that may be peering at something near by, around the corner, or miles away. The captain of an aircraft carrier, for instance, could walk the bridge of his ship while simultaneously watching by Electrocular a below-decks chart recording the progress of a distant air battle.

Not all uses will be military. The modern world is alive with harried men who must make some sort of effort to watch two things at once. Airplane pilots coming in for a landing would be happy to keep their eyes on their instruments while still scanning the ground ahead. Electrocular, say Hughes engineers, will solve their problem. It will also help surgeons to go about their work even while they are watching instruments reporting the second-to-second condition of the patient's heart and other vital organs.



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BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



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There's nothing like a traffic jam to send your blood pressure soaring. Especially since you rarely find out what's happened up ahead to cause it all. A fellow we know, who drives to work every day, has put these bumper-to-bumper delays to good use. Instead of fuming, he catches up on his **BUSINESS WEEK**. He keeps the current issue in the glove compartment of his car. Comes a tie-up, he simply tucks the magazine in the steering wheel and reads away. Busy as our management subscribers are, they always make the time to read **BUSINESS WEEK**—every week. They find our business news, ideas, trends and advertising vital in helping them make policies and purchases for their own companies. No wonder independent studies show that **BUSINESS WEEK** is the most widely-read business magazine in America.

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RELIGION

Preparing for One Church

"Conversations about unity" that would bring 10 million American Protestants into one church together will be held this week in Washington among leaders of the Methodist, Episcopal, United Church of Christ and United Presbyterian churches. Not since Presbyterian Eugene Carson Blake proposed church union from the pulpit of San Francisco's Episcopal Grace Cathedral in 1960 have churchmen met to discuss the plan's intricacies. This week's meeting is, at best, preparatory, but it may chart the course toward a Protestant summit conference.

To many, the most encouraging thing is the spirit of the description the prospective united church has devised for itself—"catholic, reformed and evangelical." The "catholic" should satisfy high-church Episcopalians, "evangelical" should please gospel-centered Methodists, and "reformed" will comfort Calvinist Presbyterians. Says San Francisco's Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike, a top supporter of the ecumenical movement (though not a participant in the Washington talks): "The three words represent the best of all we have."

A Nun's Story

In a coarse sackcloth robe worn over a hairshirt, she sits alone in her stone-floored cell. Her food is bread, water, an occasional cooked vegetable. Through a small grilled window she may look into a chapel, and down a narrow passageway there is another barred window where she takes her daily communion. In the cell is a straight chair, a table, a board that serves as her bed and a small washroom with a cold shower. Not since she closed the door behind her 16 years ago has she ever left this confined area.

This austere regime belongs to a 54-year-old American woman, one of the nuns in the Camaldolese Convent in the fashionable Aventine Hill section of Rome. Her name is Julia Crotta; to her sister nuns, who may now and then hear her cough or murmur but never see her, she is known as Sister Nazarena.

A Cheerful Childhood. All the Camaldolese sisters rise at 4 for prayer, observe silence for most of the day, abstain entirely from meat during Lent and Advent. But Sister Nazarena practices a degree of asceticism that is extraordinary even for her order. She is one of the few nuns in the world with ecclesiastical permission to attempt the hermitlike life known as reclusion. Her only contacts with the outside world are with the priest who daily gives her communion and with the convent abbess who visits her from time to time. This week Sister Nazarena and her sister nuns are busy cutting palm leaves for the Vatican's Palm Sunday. It is a time of "extra strict silence."

Not even her family quite understands why Julia Crotta undertook so arduous a vocation. She was born and raised in

Glastonbury, Conn. Julia, her family remembers, was a cheerful, fun-loving girl with an aptitude for music. She studied violin and theory at the Yale School of Music, but left to take a four-year liberal arts course at New Haven's Albertus Magnus College for women. "She loved life,



SISTER NAZARENA (AT NEWPORT)
She loved life, dancing, movies.

dancing, good movies and good clothes," says a brother-in-law.

"For All of Us." After college, Julia taught violin and piano, worked in Manhattan. She was briefly engaged to marry, but broke it off and joined a convent of Carmelite nuns in Newport, R.I. The Carmelites were not strict enough for her; she left the convent and went to Rome, where a priest advised her to try the Camaldolese. In 1945 her abbess gave Sister Nazarena permission to attempt reclusion.

Rome's Camaldolese sisters make ends meet by cooking and scrubbing for a local *pensione*, and laundering altar linens for a nearby Benedictine seminary. Sister Nazarena shares in the convent work by sewing and cutting the palms; her materials are delivered to her cell by a nun who taps at her door, whispers "*Deo gratias*," waits long enough for Sister Nazarena to hide in a recess of her cell, then sets the cloth or fronds inside the door. At night, long after the other nuns have retired, she stays awake to pray; in her cell she has a "discipline" with the tiny whip that certain religious use to scourge themselves in mortification. In her solitary life, Sister Nazarena prays, explains one nun, "for you, for me, for all of us." Solitude with her God seems to agree with her. "She is the most serene person I have ever known," says her abbess Mother Hildegard. "She is a saint."

MUSIC

Man of Many Parts

Midway in Jacques Offenbach's frothy operetta *La Perichole*, a trapdoor opens slowly onstage; from the depths of a subterranean dungeon emerges a doddering old prisoner. He has been digging through various walls for twelve years, and now he is ready to escape. He lasts no more than four minutes onstage before he is forced to flee through the trap again. But to Offenbach fans at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera, the sequence is one of the comic highpoints of the evening. The man responsible: Italian-born Tenor Alessio de Paolis (pronounced: Pow-o-les), 64, who in a quarter-century at the Met has sung some 50 secondary roles and emerged as the finest character actor in opera.

In most of his roles, De Paolis has only a few minutes to establish a character. But he does so with such skill (and without exaggerated theatrics) that even famous tenors and sopranos find themselves in danger of being upstaged in his presence. De Paolis seems able to play any role at all—Goro, the wizened Japanese matchmaker of *Butterfly*; Shuiski, the crafty adviser to the Czar in *Boris Godunov*; Spoletta, the evil police agent of *Tosca*; Don Basilio, the fatuous music master of *Figaro*. His palsied Emperor in *Turandot* is one of his most recent and brilliant successes. In *Tales of Hoffmann* he has four roles (Andres, Cochenille, Pitchinaccio and Frantz) and four rapid-fire make-up changes. This week in Boston, where he is visiting with the Met, De Paolis is scheduled to appear not only as Goro and Spoletta but as Alandoro, the skirt-chasing old roué of *Bohème*.

The old actor has little voice left. Long ago it developed a natural quaver that he has adroitly learned to use for theatri-

cal effect. But he more than makes up for his vocal defects by embellishing each role with small dramatic touches of his own—a twitch here, a little shuffle of surprise there—that bring character to life. Son of a well-to-do Roman family, De Paolis made his debut as the Duke in *Rigoletto* at Bologna in 1919, later sang tenor leads at virtually every major house in Europe. But, he says, "I never had a large voice; I knew that I could go on being a tenor of the second rank forever—but suppose I could become the best character actor in the world?" He made the switch in 1932.

"Nowadays," he says in his fractured English, "you hear a man who sing, a woman who sing, but they make nothing in the part. When I sing Goro, I stop being De Paolis from moment I step into the opera house."

Composing by Knucklebone

Manhattan's Kaufmann Concert Hall, where the studious audiences are frequently shell-shocked by modern scores, last week resounded to the bombastic New York premiere of *Music Walk with Dancer* by avant-garde U.S. Composer John Cage. Composer Cage's electronic nightmare lasted ten minutes and required the services of Cage himself, Pianist David Tudor and Dancer Jill Johnston. Occasionally reading directions from slips of paper, they scurried from one short-wave radio to another, twiddling dials and assaulting the audience with a drumfire of rattles, bangs, pops and nonsense syllables roared into a microphone. Occasionally they turned on an electric blender or belabored the piano. Commented the unpleased New York Times: "Mayhem."

The confusion onstage was loudly reminiscent of a 1961 broadcast during which



COMPOSER CAGE
jmkgnoy-1/2 imkt/nc

the BBC startled England with a performance of *Mobile for Tape and Percussion*, identified as the work of young, avant-garde Polish Composer Piotr Zak (TIME, Aug. 11). Composer Zak's cacophonous creation lasted twelve minutes and left the London Times complaining desperately: "It was certainly difficult to grasp more than the music's broad outlines, partly because of the high proportion of unpitched sounds and partly because of their extreme diversity."

Zak's *Mobile* proved to be the handiwork of two pranksters who banged away haphazardly at "all the instruments we could find" in an effort to discover just how much the public would endure. The station received not a single complaint. Composer Cage, a real person as Zak was not, works in much the same way. Before *Music Walk* began, he had no idea how it would sound, had determined only that it would last ten minutes, involve certain props and three performers doing more or less as they pleased. It was a prime sample of what students of the avant-garde call "indeterminate" music, i.e., music that is based on almost pure chance.

Yawns & Snoozes. In Europe, indeterminate music is now all the rage. Some composers refer to it in its milder forms as "aleatory," a term based on the Latin word "alea" (a game of dice), once thought to be derived from the word for knucklebone, out of which primitive dice were made. Although Composer Cage was preaching the aleatory doctrine eleven years ago (in his *Imaginary Landscape No. 4*, he conducted an ensemble that played twelve radios simultaneously), the big boom in music-by-chance has come only recently; summer festivals at Donaueschingen and Darmstadt perform it with enthusiasm.

One theory behind chance compositions is that they make members of the audience participants in the music. Modern



TURANDOT'S EMPEROR



TENOR DE PAOLIS AS
HOFFMANN'S FRANTZ



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audiences, points out Italian Composer Luciano Berio, too often regard music "as escape from reality." Because aleatory music is designed to surprise everybody—including the performers and the composer himself—it "gives doubt to the public," making the audience "part of the composition." Cage carried this concept to its illogical conclusion in his *4 Minutes and 33 Seconds*, in which a pianist sat with a stop watch for four minutes and 33 seconds without playing a note, while the audience provided the "music" in the form of coughs, yawns and sneezes.

Playing the Raisins. No two aleatory composers get their random results in quite the same way. Cage, who is regarded as particularly ingenious, determined the notes for his *Music for Piano* by following the pattern of the "imperfections in the paper on which the music was written." Germany's Karlheinz Stockhausen, who is perhaps the most influential of Europe's aleatory composers, instructs performers to play any portion of his music that their eyes first fall on. His *Cycle*, for one percussionist, has spirally bound pages to make it simpler for the performer to begin or end wherever he wants, play back-to-front, or even turn the score upside down. Pianist David Tudor, leading performer of aleatory scores, is so accustomed to their weird notation system—that, according to Polish-born Composer Roman Haubenstock-Ramati, he can "play the raisins in a slice of fruitcake."

The heaviest concentration of aleatory composers is in Germany, where—in addition to Stockhausen—South Korean Composer Nam June Paik (*Homage to John Cage*), and the German Hans Otte (*Tropism I, II*) and Austrian Friedrich Cerha (*Movements*) all preach the gospel of chance. France has Greek-born Composer Iannis Xenakis and Italy Composer Sylvano Busotti, who has written, among other things, a piano piece in which the keys are to be touched but not depressed. The word has even spread to Eastern Europe, where some real live Polish composers named Witold Lutoslawski and Włodzimierz Kotowski produced chance pieces for last fall's Warsaw festival.

Although more young composers join the aleatory ranks every year, most critics denounce the movement as fraudulent, or misguided, or both. Staying one step ahead of his critics, Senior Statesman Cage is already proclaiming aleatory music passé—he prefers to think that his own brand of "indeterminacy" is the ultimate in pure chance. But he will have to go some to surpass English Composer Cornelius Cardew, 26, who in his *Octet '61 for Jasper Johns** includes a vague injunction to "Do something completely different," or Argentine-born Mauricio Kagel, 30, who in his *Sonant*, made himself obsolete. His opening advice to performers: "The player may mimic his part, or rebel against it entirely." Happy to oblige.

* An American painter with a certain avant-garde reputation for his repetitious painting of three subjects: targets, arabic numerals and the American flag.

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Living It Up

By general consent, Manhattan is the U.S.'s cultural capital, the greatest concentration of taste and wealth in the nation. But only 3,000 people have homes there. The rest live in apartments.

Manhattanites are cliffdwellers by choice as well as necessity. Somehow, apartment living best expresses the basic personality—and impersonality—of the city. Its inhabitants are the young on the way up, the successful who were born somewhere else, the uncertain, the transitory, and the ambitious who are aware

Street stores and Third Avenue backwaters. Probably only in Manhattan can a decorator find a Gobelin tapestry, an Early American sideboard or a Mies van der Rohe steel chair within a few blocks. Furthermore, since an apartment is an adjustable part of a huge, self-supporting structure, the enterprising designer or owner can often tear out partitions and rearrange walls with a freedom that anywhere else would bring the house down on his head.

Apartments came early to Manhattan. In 1869, Rutherford Stuyvesant built the first—a thick-walled, five-story brick building on East 18th Street. He called it

ther: "Nowadays, when the fellow upstairs rolls a pair of dice, you can tell when they come up seven." Ceilings are now a standard and skimpy eight feet, and it is a rare apartment that has a working fireplace. Complains Decorator Elizabeth Draper: "The rooms are so neutral; they have no moldings or cornices, no 'eyebrows,' no character." Echoes Designer T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings: "Apart from their shabbiness, the interior spaces are so inane. The ceilings are too low—the areas are just not worthy!"

The grand old apartments are still perhaps the city's best, still command towering prices (the remaining rentals along Park and Fifth Avenues run as high as \$1,500 per room per year, and co-ops sell for as much as \$250,000). A few of the postwar generation of apartments are at least cleanly designed. The energetic occupants, with ingenuity, enterprise and money, can make these filing-cabinet spaces spectacular, impressive, or merely comfortable, according to the owner's particular taste, income or inclination.

Venice on the East River. "Today's rooms," says Mrs. H.J. Heinz II, wife of the 57-varieties man, "are either so slickly modern that one becomes Mrs. Plastic or so ornate that one is Madame Ormolulu. I prefer to have something that will last." To restyle part of their eleven-room triplex co-op on the East River at 52nd Street, the Heinzes brought in Janen Inc., international decorators. Drue Heinz used mostly classic French furniture but aimed at a Venetian effect. The high ceiling had been strung with beams. They were ripped out, and the walls were "papered" in green velvet to show off the Heinzes' big collection of modern French paintings. "By doing the room in velvet," says Mrs. Heinz, "we've assured ourselves that it will age well; as the velvet gets shabby, it will look better."

Intimacy & Nice Things. Another East Side co-op (1 Sutton Place South) in which Janen has had a hand belongs to Winston Frederick Churchill Guest, an heir to the Phipps steel money, and his wife Lucy ("C.Z."). Boston-born "C.Z." was a Ziegfeld girl and artist's model for Diego Rivera before she settled down as one of New York's more active society matrons. The Guests have homes in Palm Beach and Roslyn, L.I., and rent a "hunting box" in Virginia, have turned their Manhattan apartment into a showcase for their English and French antiques and porcelains. To bring intimacy to the big, high-ceilinged living room, they divided it into three distinctive furniture groupings. "I wanted it comfortable," says C.Z., "so guests don't feel that the room is a museum. It should be cozy and attractive; that's the charm of having nice things. But people should be able to relax and feel at ease."

Fantasia. Movie Producer Sam Spiegel hired Architect Edward Stone (Tut covered, March 31, 1958) to build a glossy Park Avenue duplex penthouse. With the help of his wife Maria, Stone turned the place into a never-never land of white



MANHATTAN'S FIRST APARTMENT HOUSE (BUILT 1869)
In French flats, the dice rolled silently.

that further success (or new failure) may dictate a sudden change in their whole way of life. For the rich (who generally have several other places elsewhere), an apartment is a kind of permanently rented hotel suite. For seekers of anonymity or those who merely hope to be rich, the city apartment is a springboard, a stopping-off place that can be left without regret or nostalgia on the way to a better spot. It is ideal for those who value convenience and mobility above roots (their roots are generally back in Indiana or in the suburbs), for people who are eternally on the edge of their chairs, ready to leave for Europe or the Caribbean or to take over the West Coast office at an executive's whim.

The Treasure Trove. Being New Yorkers, they are also self-consciously taster-makers. Where money is no object, the lady of the house can call on the nation's most expensively enterprising decorators, who in turn have at hand a huge treasure trove of materials, antiques, furniture—ancient and modern in Manhattan's 37th

Stuyvesant Apartments, but most other people dubbed it Stuyvesant's Folly. Still, these "French flats," patterned after Parisian apartments of the day, right down to the watchful concierge, caught on fast. Until the day it was torn down a few years ago, the building never had a vacancy. Moreover, it set the pattern. As the residential section of the city crept uptown, fashionable New Yorkers moved in ever-growing numbers into the massive and ornate variants of Stuyvesant's Folly that rose along Park and Fifth Avenues. They were solidly built, with high-ceilinged, spacious rooms.

As the island filled up with apartment buildings, house building declined, and has now all but ceased. There have been only eight new houses built in all Manhattan since the end of World War II. Today Manhattan is in the midst of the biggest apartment-building boom in its history. But high prices since the war have tempted most builders into cutting corners, cramping spaces, and scanting on wall thicknesses. Says Architect Bernard Guen-



TRIPLEX MANHATTAN APARTMENT of H.J. Heinz II overlooks East River, has palatial salon for formal entertaining. Furniture is antique French

baroque; Chippendale mirrors and velvet covered walls make rich background for art collection of Degas, Picasso, Monet and Bonnard on top mirror.

—J. M. K. K. K.



SOCIETY HOSTESS "C.Z." Guest entertains as many as 40 people in spacious living room given over to fine antiques. Tables flanking 6-ft. fireplace are regence; those at left and

right center are William and Mary. *Objets d'art* acquired over the years include pieces from J.P. Morgan's porcelain collection. Priceless Isphahan rugs were woven in 17th century.



PRODUCER'S PENTHOUSE stars Hollywood's Sam (Suddenly, Last Summer) Spiegel, with setting by Architect Edward D.

Stone, whose trademark is lacy grillwork. Spanish Renaissance chairs adorn marble-floored poker players' corner facing terrace.





LIVING WITH ART is the theme of Ben Heller apartment. Outsized Jackson Pollock (*near*) serves as room divider masking dining area.

DINING WITH PICASSO is mesoaphable for the guests of Costume Jewelry Tycoon Victor Ganz. The 16th century refectory table is Italian.





ARCHITECT'S LIBRARY, designed by Owner Gordon Bunshaft, mixes Picasso-designed tap-

estry, chairs by Saarinen (left) and Mies van der Rohe with Chinese terra-cotta sculpture.

ISLANDS OF ACTIVITY are defined by forms and colors in apartment of Banker J. Daniel

Weitzman and wife, which overlooks U.N. Silent spectator at left is Giacometti's *Standing Figure*.





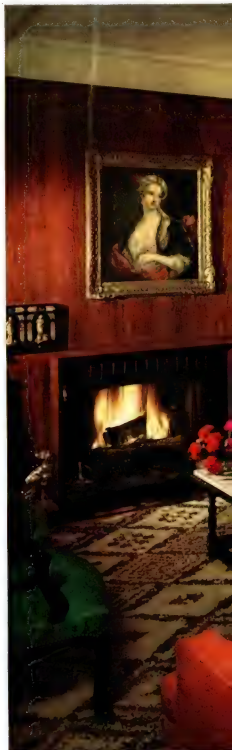
BROADWAY STAR Mary Martin designed duplex penthouse around stage

memorabilia, antiques. Chaise longue in bedroom was once Sarah Bernhardt's.



MUSIC MAKER David Kapp (records) tried to cancel anonymous feeling

of most modern apartments by using Spanish table, French provincial chairs.



MUSICOMEDIENNE Pat Suzuki planned her own place for casual living with help of Photographer-Husband Mark Shaw. Coffee table is cut-down, glass-topped dining table; painting is by Abstract Artist Zao Wou-ki.



AUTHOR-EDITOR Margaret Cousins of Doubleday entertains in "all-purpose" living-dining room brightened by Moroccan rug. Compact room has storage wall (left) con-

taining TV, hi-fi and extra china. For dinner, small leaf table expands to seat twelve. Bar is in niche at right, formed by protective el in wall; kitchen is behind the library wall.



EXECUTIVE SUITE on Park Avenue is showpiece of eclectic elegance subleased by Decorator William Pahlmann to Curtis Publishing Co. Vice President

J. Davis Danforth. Foyer furnishings include specially designed rug, 18th century Italian wall painting, Portuguese cabinet, Louis XV carved uanel.

marble, pink silk, Turkish lamps and other assorted fixtures of Cinemascope proportions. The sunken marble tub is merely outside; the master's bed looks roughly like a polo field covered in cardinal red velvet. Like all dedicated cinemagnates, Spiegel has his own home-projection facilities. The wide screen is hidden behind curtains. When he wants to put on a private screening, Spiegel presses a button and two paintings—a Rouault and a Picasso—slide aside to reveal the projectionist's peepholes.

Back at the Ranch. The West Side apartment of Textile Manufacturer Benjamin Heller strikes some as an art gallery with a bed. Huge paintings by Pollock, Rothko, Newman and other abstractionists, as well as Greek and African sculptures and pre-Columbian potteries, loom everywhere—in the living room and kitchen, bedroom and bathroom. Because action painters feel a compulsion to paint big, Heller kept the apartment free of cornices, architectural decoration and ornamental bric-a-brac whose fussy detail would clash with the large-scale paintings. But, insists Collector Heller, "the idea that our apartment was built around an art gallery is a total misconception. It is a home, and paintings look best in a home. We were solely interested in creating an atmosphere in which art would look best." The living room was "something of a problem. You can't sit along a wall and enjoy art." So the modern clean-lined furniture was grouped in the center, affording views all around. Says Heller: "We think of our apartment as a ranch-home on the tenth floor."

Picasso on Park Avenue. The Heller solution was, in effect, to let the paintings take over the apartment. Victor Ganz, manufacturer of costume jewelry, found a different answer for his 13-room Park Avenue apartment. The Ganzes own America's biggest private collection of Picassos, and called in Designer Robsjohn-Gibbings to find a way to keep the Picassos from overpowering the rooms. Robsjohn-Gibbings and Mrs. Ganz selected massive pieces of authentic Italian Renaissance and Spanish Gothic furniture, mixed them with 17th century English chairs, created a remarkably effective multi-century effect that recognizes Picasso's presence but does not succumb to his altogether.

A Matter of Esthetics. On a more modest scale, Architect Gordon Bunshaft chief designer for Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, also had a problem with paintings. His were Picasso, Miro, Modigliani, Dubuffet, and they all had to be fitted into his live-room rental apartment on East 60th Street. He chose "neutral" furnishings "to let the paintings do the coloring." To create more space, Bunshaft removed a wall separating the entranceway from the dining area. His TV set is placed behind a sliding Dubuffet, and from behind a Miro comes the sound of his hi-fi speaker. By using stainless steel, Formica and marble, and by keeping the place uncluttered, Mrs. Bunshaft cuts cleaning chores to a minimum.

Game Rooms. Financier J. Daniel Weitzman started out with an eight-room, three-bath East Side co-op penthouse, and ended with three baths, four rooms and a striking living room that plays "background music to the view" of the East River and the United Nations buildings. The designer, Architect Paul Lester Wiener, ripped out walls to forge the big living room out of four of the original rooms, then used the space to set up a "game" of varying planes and forms and colors—purples, magentas, blues and greens. To bring the outside in, Wiener installed a pebble garden and a black marble shaft that echoes the shape of the U.N. headquarters. To hold the Weitzman



DECORATOR WILLIAM PAHLMANN
On the way up, a bedroom tent.

collection of heavy, 3,000-year-old Egyptian stone fragments, he anchored a dividing wall in concrete.

Cloped Hands & Needlepoint. In the penthouse in the same East River building where the Jack Heinzes live, the elevator button is imbedded in a pair of carved clasped hands. The penthouse apartment belongs to Actress Mary Martin and her Manager-Husband Richard Halliday, for whom the clasped-hands motif recalls their courtship days. Placed here and there in the apartment are hands of brass, porcelain, ivory and onyx; the theme is even repeated on the stationery of Halliday's Halmar Productions, Inc. Decorated chiefly by the Hallidays themselves, the seven-room duplex is hung with paintings by Mary Martin and such friends as Noel Coward, Beatrice Lillie and Janet Gaynor, is furnished more for comfort than for show. Highlights: a needlepoint rug, made during backstage waits by Mary in her *South Pacific* days, a shower with mirrored walls, an enclosed, almost closeted antique bed, which the maid found uncommonly hard to make up until she hit on the ideal solution. Says the enterprising maid: "I get into it."

Country Place. David Kapp, president of Kapp Records, was a longtime suburbanite, and in giving up commuting, was a little uneasy about the austerities of vertical living in the city. So the Kapps commissioned Decorator Melanie Kahane to build some homey warmth into their new six-room co-op penthouse on East 57th Street. To avoid "the sterility of the average co-op," says Melanie, "I tried to suggest a country place in the city. By that I don't mean a fireplace with a spinning wheel in front of it. It's more a matter of creating an architecture which gives the impression of a home." One homey touch: Carolina pine paneling, scorched with a blowtorch, in the library.

Self-Help. Singer Pat Suzuki and her husband, Fashion Photographer Mark Shaw, decorated their own 5½-room rental apartment on East 30th Street in Kips Bay, one of Manhattan's better-designed (by I.M. Pei) new buildings. Side by side with antiques that they picked up on foreign travels, the couple have put such odds and ends as a polar-bear rug, a \$10 coffee table and a butcher's table (in the dining room). To help soften the chilling effect of a lot of glass, including Shaw's mercury glass collection, Pat Suzuki introduced warm fabric colors, contemporary Spanish chests and floor pillows, and picked up a few Japanese items, e.g., candlesticks. Says she: "They were probably cheaper at Lord & Taylor's than we could have gotten them for in Japan."

The Built-In Look. The problem for Author-Editor (Doubleday) Margaret Cousins was how to set up a four-room apartment on East 63rd Street in such a way that she could live with her multitude of books and some favorite furnishings saved from the big Westchester home that she sold. Decorator William Pahlmann (see below) built storage walls wherever he could find the space, gave the study-guest-room the famous Pahlmann tent treatment: the walls are covered with striped mustard-and-red cotton which winds around to the window wall and folds into drapery, while the ceiling is covered with a light blue fabric and a scalloped border at the top.

Paradise of Color. Decorator Pahlmann describes his own place as a "paradise of color." Currently under sublease to J. Davis Danforth, a vice president of Curtis Publishing Co., Pahlmann's nine-room apartment on Park Avenue is filled with items and ideas that could furnish a museum twice its size. He designed his own V-Soske area rug, has mixed Louis XV and XVI, 17th century English, 18th century Genoese and Venetian, Chinese tea paper, Portuguese rag rug. In Pahlmann's favorite manner, one small bedroom is tented with cotton in blue, red and gold stripes. The library has a door concealed by bookshelves, that leads directly into this bedroom. The master bedroom, whose ceiling is overlaid with the Chinese tea paper, has a bedspread made from a Greek rug, and a headboard upholstered in mustard-colored leather.

It takes a heap of fussin' to make an apartment a home.



JONES V. CHAMBERLAIN



LOSCUTTO V. RODGERS

RUSSELL V. RODGERS
And no longer subtle.

Early Odds

Like just about every other ball fan in the U.S., the odds makers of Las Vegas looked ahead during the long summer this week and decided just how the major-league pennant races might wind up. The big surprise was that the Nevada smart money picked the Cincinnati Reds for fifth place in the National League, one of the most embarrassing ratings ever given a previous year's pennant winner. The pre-season odds:

National League
Los Angeles 2-1
Milwaukee 9-2
San Francisco 9-2
St. Louis 6-1
Cincinnati 8-1
Pittsburgh 20-1
All others 250-1

American League
New York 1-3
Detroit 6-1
Baltimore 10-1
Cleveland 20-1
Chicago 20-1
Minnesota 50-1
All others 150-1

Still at It

They began even before the summer ended; they dribbled their way all through the winter, and last week, as spring came north once more, they were still at it. The oversized pros of the National Basketball Association were playing overtime, as they went through the motions of a championship playoff that may well run on almost till Easter. Months ago, the long schedule made clear that the Boston Celtics are easily the class of the league (TIME, Dec. 22), the best at the game's swift art of dunking baskets while elbows dig and feet flail and the referee's whistle skirts its endless interruptions.

But last week, as the Celtics beat back the Philadelphia Warriors in the Eastern Division playoff, and the Los Angeles Lakers toppled the Detroit Pistons in the Western Division, even the pros seemed a little tired of it all. Contact on the court came often and carelessly; the fouls were no longer subtle. In one game, the Celtics' defensive specialist Bill Russell seemed determined to stomp the opposition down (*see cut*). Pile-ups under the basket were alive with flying elbows. Tempers flared, and the Celtics' Sam Jones (6 ft. 4 in.) picked up a photographer's stool to threaten the Warriors' giant Will Chamberlain (7 ft. 2 in.). Boston's Carl Braun and Philadelphia's Guy Rodgers squared off in a brief scrap that brought hundreds of spectators onto the floor. Once that was over, Rodgers picked a new target: Jim Loscutto, one of the hottest Celtics of all. First fights started so often that the league's roly-poly President Maurice Podoloff slapped fines on five players.

And there is still more basketball to come. The N.B.A. playoffs can conceivably add up to a total of 31 games (including semifinals and finals in East and West, plus a championship series). But though the players may be bored, their ribs aching, their elbows skinned and their noses bloody, they are not likely to squawk too loudly. Their combined payoff from the playoffs will total \$125,000.

Ahead of the Field

He got to the top when the game was really rough—when thoroughbred horse racing was a contest between swift mounts and mean jocks, when it was standard practice to slash at another rider with a whip, to grab the bridle of an opposing horse, to lock legs with a boy who was bringing his mount past in close quarters. But even as sharp stewards and sharper-eyed film patrol cameras taught racing to mind its manners, Jockey Edward George Arcaro learned to mind his manners, too. Either way—playing it rough or smooth—Eddie had more than enough

ARCARO ON A WINNER
Boos were a compliment.

skill to stay in front. Last week, when he finally decided to retire at 46, Eddie Arcaro was still a long length ahead of the field. In 31 years hunched over the shoulders of America's finest thoroughbreds, he had brought home \$10,039,543 in prize money—more cash than has ever been won by any jockey in history.

Aboard Whirlaway and Citation, Arcaro became the only jockey to win racing's famed Triple Crown® twice. He was a record five-time winner of the Derby. He posted six victories in the Preakness and six in the Belmont Stakes, for another pair of records. Last year Arcaro rode Kelso, one of the greatest racers ever, to a Horse of the Year title, winning seven victories in nine starts to collect \$425,505.

A Coiled Mind. On a horse, Jockey Arcaro was all coiled mind and muscle. Yet somehow he managed to look ill at ease. His long Cyranose nose protruded beyond his cap and goggles, as he rode

© The Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont

in "face-deuce" fashion with his right stirrup two inches higher than the left. He carried on a running conversation with all his mounts, his voice and spurs and whip speaking urgently but never harshly. He had a theory that it was almost always better to dangle a whip menacingly in front of a horse's nose than to slash heavily at the animal's flank.

He collected his first Derby victory in 1938 on Lawrin, a 9-1 shot that Trainer Ben Jones thought almost too unsound to train. His second Derby victory was on Whirlaway in 1941, a chestnut colt that for all its speed, had trouble taking a turn. Arcaro solved the problem by giving Whirlaway a long rein. And Trainer Jones helped out on Derby Day by cutting away the left cup of the colt's blinkers. The plan was to give Whirlaway full vision in his left eye so that he would naturally tend to follow the rail on turns. Recalls Eddie: "I thought to myself that this was a hell of a time to be experimenting. But it worked. We won by eight lengths, and Whirlaway still holds the track and Derby record."

The Big Money. Minor races and purses never excited Arcaro much ("Cheap horses don't need management—they just run"). As a strategist, he was at his incomparable best when going for the big money in big-stakes races and high-priced handicaps.

As a fierce competitor, Arcaro was never willing to concede a foot of space on the rail; the rider who made it tough for Eddie in a tight race learned quickly how tough racing could really be. At Aqueduct one afternoon in 1942, as the field scrambled for position, Arcaro was almost knocked out of his saddle by rough-riding Jockey Vince Nodarse. Enraged, Arcaro forgot about winning, took off after Nodarse, almost bounced him over a fence into the infield. "I'd have killed the son-of-a-bitch if I could," Eddie told the stewards later, and the stunt cost him a one-year suspension. "Even now," Arcaro says, "if it wasn't for the film patrol that takes movies of every foot of every race, and for the jobs the stewards and patrol judges do, you could start out with 20 jocks and at the end of three months of racing there'd be only one left."

On the track, Arcaro collected as many bumps as he handed out. He was seriously injured in 1933, almost broke his neck three years ago in a bad spill at Belmont. But he always returned to the saddle. Looking back, Eddie is inclined to agree that his greatest race was when he rode Nashua to triumph over Swaps in a \$100,000 grudge match in 1935. Arcaro insists that he will not miss the job of jockeying. "Riding," he says, "had gotten to be a chore." But he is frank to say he will miss the boos of the railbirds. That raucous sound was a special compliment. It meant that the two-hack bettors always expected Eddie to win—even if he was riding a mule. It was abundantly clear that they put their money on him, not his mount, and sometimes, it seemed, they were disappointed if he did not dismount and carry his horse home first.



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THE PRESS

Fat Cat, Thin Margin

Ever since 1896, when the late Adolph S. Ochs bought a decrepit Manhattan daily named the *New York Times* for \$75,000, the paper has turned a profit every year, though not what one might expect from the fattest, most prestigious newspaper in the land. Sometimes the paper's profit margin has been paper thin: as little as \$61,000 in 1954—on a gross income of \$1,232,000. Last week Publisher Orvil E. Dryfoos issued the *Times*' 1961 annual report. As daily circulation rose to a record 713,514 and Sunday circulation to a record 1,384,200, the *Times* sold \$100 million worth of ads. On gross revenues of \$117 million, reported Dryfoos, the *Times* netted \$587,086 after taxes. This was a gain of nearly \$250,000 over 1960. But as usual, the major share of the total profit (\$2,212,700) reported by the *New York Times Co.* came from a Canadian paper mill in which the *Times* holds a 42% interest. It still seems to pay better to turn out blank paper than to have the wit to say something on it.

Barbed Pity

The press's unlove affair with Richard M. Nixon is longstanding. In the 1960 presidential campaign, it could almost be measured in the air, like humidity. It was not just that most of the reporters traveling with him were Democrats (as most of their publishers were Republicans). There were also marked differences in atmosphere in the two candidates' camps that made for subtle influences in reporting. Kennedy and his advisers were available and affable; Nixon seemed suspicious of the press during the campaign and was often reclusive.

This year, as he hit the political comeback trail, an early aspirant to the governorship of California, Dick Nixon set out to patch his relations with the press. He smiled as readily at reporters as he did at supermarket crowds. An aide carefully took pictures of him clapping the hands of assorted reporters and sent each autographed copy. When Nixon's book, *Six Crises*, was published, the candidate sent inscribed volumes to political reporters all over the state.

All started promisingly, but reporters remained distant, unfriendly, aloof. To hear them tell it, Nixon was soon slipping badly. Though all over California Nixon was getting good crowds, flocking to shake hands with him and applaud the distinguished native son, the latest California poll seemed to bear out the reporters' suspicions. The new Mervin Field poll shows Democrat Pat Brown for the first time ahead, 45% to 42%, with 13% undecided (in the last count, in February, Nixon led 47% to 45%).

Doubt & Triumph. Nixon's book, so patiently timed to help with his comeback, was also running into heavy going. First there had been the dustup over the book's accusation (denied by the CIA)

that Candidate Kennedy had been told about the Cuban invasion plan and adopted it as his own. This, said Nixon, forced him to oppose an invasion plan, even though he favored it (*TIME*, March 10). The Scripps-Howard *New York World-Telegram*, a staunch 1960 supporter of Nixon, commented dryly: "One especially wonders how he'd have explained himself if he had been elected President—committed and willing to execute the Cuba plan that he had denounced as 'dangerously irresponsible.'"

Last week the left-wing *Nation* triumphantly flushed another controversy from



CAMPAIGNER NIXON

The copies came autographed.

Nixon's book, "Richard M. Nixon," it said, "has just kicked a large hole in his—and the Government's—case against Alger Hiss." The hole: Nixon's statement that FBI agents in December 1948 had found the old Woodstock typewriter that was instrumental in establishing Hiss's guilt. Nixon's statement contradicted the FBI's sworn testimony during the trial that the typewriter (later produced by the defense) had never been in FBI hands. When this was pointed out, Nixon blamed his error on a researcher.

"Echo of the Past." Then came the headlines over Nixon's "carpetbagger" cries at Jack Kennedy when the President flew in to California to make a non-political speech. The *Los Angeles Times*, once as loyal a Nixonite as Pat Nixon herself, frowned disapprovingly. Wrote James Basset, the *Times*'s political analyst—and Nixon's chief press officer in 1956: "Nixon's mistake lay in the timing of his remarks. President Kennedy very definitely was in California on high-plane, nonpolitical business."

By now, though the election is still seven months away, much of the press is already talking of Nixon as a potential

loser. Columnist Marquis Childs of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* recently compared Nixon to Thomas E. Dewey as a man with a losing habit.

Sighting-in on Nixon seemed so simple that some of the newsmen's barbs were tipped not with poison but with pity. "Everything he says or does these days seems to go wrong," wrote the New York Times's Washington Bureau Chief James Reston from San Francisco last week. "The harder he runs, the more he stumbles. Even in his home state after all these years, he seems trapped by that old familiar but vague charge that 'there is something about him that troubles me.' One hears it all again, like the echo of the past in a tragic play."

New Cop on the Beat

American journalism does not possess any agency to guard its standards and supervise its practitioners. A newspaper publisher can give criminal advice, lie to the public, poison its intelligence without being held accountable for his conduct.

Political Scientist Leo C. Rosten's comments in his 1937 book, *The Washington Correspondents*, are as applicable today as they were 25 years ago. Few policemen patrol the U.S. journalism beat. Last week in Manhattan, journalism's undermanned police force got a new recruit. Its name: the *Columbia Journalism Review*, a quarterly devoted exclusively to criticism of the nation's press, and promising to "deal forthrightly with what it finds to be deficient or irresponsible and to salute what it finds to be responsible, fair and professional."

The newcomer sounds off in various voices, on a scale ranging from James Thurber's dry comment on newspapers' tendency to merge ("One day there is going to be just one newspaper and the whole front page will have to be devoted to the name") to an exhaustive reprise of the recent press row over Merriam-Webster's new dictionary (which gives respectability to such vulgarisms as "ain't"). Though too large a share of *Review*'s contents is either borrowed or dusty, it is livened by some fresh studies of the journalistic scene. A quarter-century after Rosten, William L. Rivers, a professor of journalism at the University of Texas, takes another look at the Washington press corps, finds its members better paid, better educated—and better equipped to resist the narrow mandates of their editors: "Of all the changes, none is more significant than a new sense of freedom from the prejudices of the home office."

Strangely, the *Review* itself seems unwilling to be unequivocal in its critical columns. After examining Dow-Jones's disappointing new weekly newspaper, the *National Observer*, the *Review* ticks off numerous flaws ("unbelievably prolix . . . cluttered . . . fillers of tritling import"), then warmly salutes the new paper: "Deserving of congratulations all around." In the same spirit of charity, it finds the San Francisco *Chronicle* "the big-city newspaper of the future," then adds: "It just doesn't print much news."



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EDUCATION

Squeeze in New Orleans

"God demands segregation," says New Orleans' Mrs. B. J. Gaillot Jr., president of segregationist Save Our Nation Inc. She is a Roman Catholic, and when Archbishop Joseph Francis Rummel, 85, ordered full desegregation of New Orleans parochial schools for next fall, Mrs. Gaillot responded with picketing and loud protest. She was not alone, Leander Perez, influential political boss of Plaquemines Parish and also a Catholic, suggested reprisals against the clergy: "Cut off their water. Quit giving them money to feed their fat bellies." And State Representative Rodney Buras of New Orleans proclaimed that he would fight Archbishop Rummel's demand for desegregation "even to the extreme of being excommunicated."

Last week the archbishop answered some of his loudest parishioners with firm letters of "paternal admonition." The letter to Mrs. Gaillot, mother of two children in Catholic schools, was a "fatherly warning" of automatic excommunication if she continued promoting "flagrant disobedience to the decision to open our schools to ALL." Said she nervously: "If they can show me from the Bible where I am wrong, I will get down on my knees before Archbishop Rummel and beg his forgiveness." Postponing that experience the archbishop spent two hours conferring with State Lawmaker Buras, recipient of another Rummel letter, who emerged saying that he still opposed all integration. "However," he added, "as a member of the Roman Catholic Church, I must abide by its laws and decisions."

Parochial schools enroll half the white pupils in New Orleans. After Rummel's

order, segregationist Catholics considered transferring their children to public schools. But in a landmark decision last week, New Orleans' Federal District Judge J. Skelly Wright took a severe look at New Orleans' public schools, which still have admitted only twelve Negroes to six previously all-white schools. Judge Wright agreed with 102 Negro petitioners that the city school board is hardly desegregating "with all deliberate speed." Wright forbade the board from further use of the Louisiana pupil-placement law and ordered desegregation of the first six grades in all New Orleans public schools next fall. As a result, New Orleans faces the biggest wholesale school integration yet attempted in any major Southern city.

Hayseed Genius

At a quick glance, mop-haired Jean Frène, 20, seems to be a French version of L'il Abner. The ninth of eleven children, he grew up in a dirt-floor stone hut on a hard-scrabble farm near the hamlet of Longes (pop. 300), 30 miles south of Lyons. Life was so poor that ten years ago his father went to work in a steel plant, where he earns \$100 a month. At 14, Jean quit school to work on the farm, seeing little future beyond hard labor and a draft call to Algeria when he reached 18.

The call came—and what the army discovered about Jean is currently the talk of France. The mind of the peasant boy, it turned out upon testing, is comparable to that of Pascal or Leonardo da Vinci.

When Drafter Frène took the usual aptitude exams, he scored so high that he was given the tough officer-candidate test, which is scored from 1 to 20. Taken in 35 minutes, it consists of 20 quotations



SCHOLAR FRÈNE.
A mind like Leonardo's.

from such eminences as Bacon, Bergson, Darwin and Descartes, with multiple-choice questions that reflect concepts and vocabulary at U.S. graduate-school level. Jean's score: 17. Startled, the colonel in charge suspected cheating, had Jean repeat the test. This time he scored 19.

"Absolutely astonishing," said the colonel, who in 40,000 previous tests had found only one comparable score, that of a draftee with a doctorate. After high-level dickering, the French ministries of the armed forces and education deferred Jean from military service, enrolled him in a Lyons normal school, rough equivalent of a U.S. college.

Last fall Jean went to work with 33 classmates who were already five to seven years ahead of him in France's dead-end schooling. In six months, Jean did five years of work in humanities and six years in science—earning good to excellent grades all the way. In addition to formal school, Jean also studies for six hours a day with five university professors. Next fall he plans to enter Lyons' National Institute of Applied Sciences to become an engineer, though he refuses to be pigeonholed too soon. "I am interested in everything I'm studying," he says. "I need time to learn and reflect."

As newsmen swarmed over Jean's family farm, his mother grumbled at him: "We haven't had a moment's peace." Jean has already learned the art of evading reporters ("I really haven't seen enough abstract paintings to have an opinion"). Asked by the Paris journalistic hot shots, "Are there many more bright boys like you out here?" Jean answers casually: "Of course, but they haven't had my luck."



Perez, Rummel (inset) & Mrs. Gaillot
If the Bible says she's wrong, she'll get down on her knees.

\$18 Million in 18 Months

In 1960, the Ford Foundation told five U.S. universities, from Stanford to Notre Dame, that \$46 million was theirs in varying shares—if in three to five years they could match the money by at least two for one. Last week Baltimore's Johns Hopkins announced that it was the first university to hit the tape, having raised \$12 million on its own to get \$6,000,000 from Ford. Winning time: 18 months, 12 days.

Johns Hopkins' drive was largely powered by President Milton Eisenhower, who says, "I won't rattle a tin cup, but I'll tell the story." In five years, he has changed his school's financial complexion from red to black and doubled the budget to \$61 million. The new take of \$18 million, most of it earmarked for buildings, made Johns Hopkins eligible for a second heat. All the university has to do is raise another \$12 million and Ford will give it another \$6,000,000. With an alumni body that is notably longer on doctorates than on dollars, it will not be easy. But just since George Washington's birthday, hopeful Storyteller Eisenhower has logged 20,000 miles in his money hunt.

Blossoming Brandeis

All sorts of religious groups long ago seeded the U.S. from coast to coast with colleges and universities, but not until after World War II did American Jews get into the act. Leading them were seven Bostonians, all of them immigrants or the sons of immigrants, who sought a way to give thanks to the country where they had prospered. In 1946 the seven launched a campaign to found Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass.—the nation's first Jewish-sponsored nonsectarian liberal arts university.* Seldom has a major U.S. campus blossomed so fast and so rewardingly.

When it opened 14 years ago, the school that bore one of U.S. Jewry's most honored names (the late Supreme Court Justice Louis Dembitz Brandeis) had 107 freshmen and a faculty of 13. Its plant was the defunct Middlesex University, a few old buildings dominated by a fake castle that Architect Eero Saarinen described as "Mexican-Ivanhoe." But in naming a president, the founders made the happy choice of Historian Abram Leon Sachar, chairman of the National Hill Commission, who exuberantly diagnosed himself as suffering from an "edifice complex."

People, Not Courses. Genial, chunky Abe Sachar, 61, found his ailment matched by Jews across the country. Brandeis was too new to have alumni, but generous gifts flowed in from "foster alumni." They ranged from Crooner Eddie Fisher, who set up two music scholarships, to Broadway Producer David Merrick, who gave Brandeis a slice of *Gypsy*. Today Brandeis is a \$24 million complex

* Manhattan's Yeshiva University was founded (1886) to train rabbis, now also offers liberal arts.



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of more than to handsome buildings, including a 750,000-volume library and three ultramodern chapels for Jews, Roman Catholics and Protestants.

On its spacious, 260-acre campus along the Charles River, ten miles west of Boston, Brandeis now has 1,740 male and female students, 80% of them Jewish. From the start, it set admission standards at Ivy League level. With seven applicants for every place, it can boast that 66% of its freshmen come from the top 10% of U.S. high-school seniors.

Sachar's call for teachers brought a flood of lively volunteers. Trustee Eleanor Roosevelt still teaches a course on the U.N., bringing the immediacy of what "Franklin" hoped for it in 1945 or what U Thant said at tea last week. With his usual furious energy, Conductor Leonard Bernstein developed the music department. Archibald MacLeish, W. H. Auden and e. e. cummings have lectured on modern poetry; Arthur Miller taught drama, and Columnist Max Lerner commutes from Manhattan to give a course on American civilization. Says Dean Clarence Berger: "We keep telling students they're taking people, not courses."

To recruit its regular faculty of 240 (three-quarters with Ph.D.s), Brandeis scoured the U.S. for bright young scholars on the brink of recognition. It paid well; full professors now get salaries as high as \$16,000 a year, and 39 endowed chairs are even better upholstered.

Scyllaberg & Chorybditsky. Proud as they are of their university, U.S. Jews are still unsure of what Brandeis is fundamentally supposed to be in the religious sense. When first broached, the idea of a secular Jewish school caused headshaking among Jewry's three basic factions. "For the Orthodox, we weren't Jewish enough," recalls Dean Berger. "For the Reformed, we were too Jewish. Just to get the support of the Conservatives, we had to steer a course between Scyllaberg and Chorybditsky."

President Sachar opts for a secular school "no more Jewish than Princeton is

Presbyterian." He well knows that his students "bring a bias with them. It's not exactly anti-God. It's anticlerical." In fact, the Hillel Foundation at Brandeis has only 50 or 60 members, and only the Catholic chapel gets much attendance. Says one senior: "Most students feel that religion is—well, somehow beneath them."

Nonetheless, says Sachar, "it is the responsibility of this school to make kids show the credentials for their assumptions." The same goes for religion: "Here at Brandeis you must not only prove an affirmative conviction but also a rejection." To keep religious debate alive, Sachar has continually plunged into "our intellectual Gulf Stream" such diverse theologians as Martin Buber, Jacques Maritain and Paul Tillich.

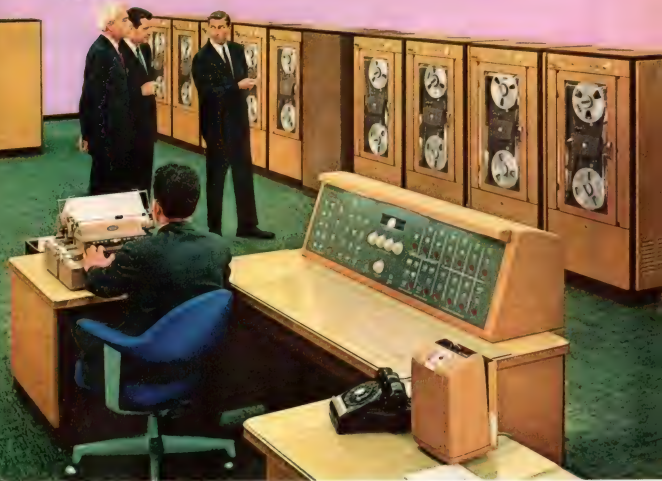
The Challenge Habit. In the intellectual sense, Brandeis knows just what it is: "the challenge habit of mind" makes its classrooms crackle. Delighted with his students' "seriousness," one former Princeton professor hardly misses "the elaborate military deference found at Princeton, where the men would address you as 'sir' with an undertone of contempt." Engagement with issues in turn makes the students eager for social action and dissent. In the 21-campus Boston area, it often seems that every peace march or civil rights rally is led by Brandeis students. The student paper, *The Justice*, is perhaps the most caustically anti-administration campus newspaper in the country. "It's hard not to censor them," sighs Sachar. "But we don't want to run the risk of closing their minds. We practice an affectionate kind of fratricide."

What Brandeis has in fact produced is a mirror of the liberal, learned, humane tone of Justice Brandeis himself. For just this reason, it is likely to go on being a kettle of highly individualistic fish. Says Sachar: "You've heard about the two castaway Jews on a desert island? When they're rescued, they're asked why they built three temples. It's because every Jew must have one temple he wouldn't be caught dead in."



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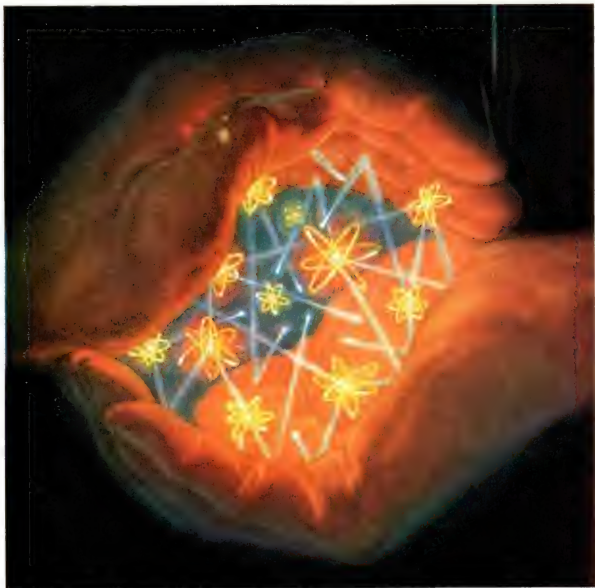
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MEDICINE

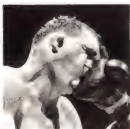
The Aim Is to Maim

When one prizefighter hits another in the head, his objective is to render the opponent temporarily unconscious by a simple concussion, which usually leaves no permanent damage. But a hard blow can also bruise the brain, breaking some of its blood vessels and destroying nerve cells. This kind of damage can kill. The death in Manhattan last week of Benny ("Kid") Paret, 25, after nine days in a coma, from brain injuries suffered in his world championship bout with Emile Griffith, underscored the charge that "in boxing, the aim is to maim."

The medical mechanics of head injuries and knockouts in boxing are complex. A welterweight like Griffith delivers a punch

like a punching bag on a spring. Such was the case with the groggy Paret on the ropes in the twelfth. With a trip-hammer succession of alternating right uppercuts and left hooks, Griffith slammed Paret's head from side to side. Different parts of Paret's brain were hit by the overlying skull with enough force to break blood vessels between the middle (arachnoid) and outermost (dura mater) layers of the brain's covering (meninges).

The resulting accumulations of blood and clots (called hematomas), together with multiple bruises and severe swelling, exerted intolerable pressure on several parts of Paret's brain and cut the elaborate circuitry of the nervous system at a number of points. He would have fallen, which might have saved his life, but



BOXERS' HEADS AT MOMENT OF IMPACT
Jelly brains inside trip-hammered skulls.

with an average force of 10 foot-pounds of kinetic energy. What this force does to a fighter's head depends not only on how and where the blow strikes but on the position of the struck head and the state of the supporting neck muscles.

Inner Bruises. If a fighter is alert and well coordinated and has his neck muscles taut and his chin tucked in, he can take many full-force punches to the head with relatively little risk of brain injury. Only rarely does an exceptionally powerful blow to the chin break or unhinge the lower jaw and drive bony structures back to damage the lower part of the brain.

If the fighter has his head a bit higher and less securely anchored by his neck muscles, a severe blow to practically any part of the head will make the skull move in the direction of the punch. The jelly-like brain does not accelerate as fast as the rigid skull, so part of the brain is in effect struck by bone. Usually the effect is no worse than that produced when any fleshy part of the body is hit with a hard object: a bruise, from the breaking of minute blood vessels. A long succession of moderate contusions (bruises), which cause slow, leaky hemorrhages, may permanently damage small parts of the brain, causing the "punch-drunk" state in veteran pugilists.

Broken Vessels. The worst injuries in boxing occur when a fighter's neck muscles are relaxed, so his head can bounce

Griffith's punches helped to hold him up. When neurosurgeons got to Paret, they drilled holes in his skull and removed as many hematomas as they could reach, but it was too late. The bruising, for which they could do nothing, and the pressure of the hematomas had crushed too much of the brain's structure and killed too many of its delicate, irreparable nerve cells.

Doctors in Exile

In the last year before Castro, Cuba had 6,600 physicians; since then, 2,000 doctors have fled Cuba, and 1,500 of them are in the U.S. A fortnight ago, in a Miami auditorium, the "Faculty in Exile" of the University of Havana's once highly rated School of Medicine graduated 152 exiled doctors who had taken its refresher course in medicine and qualifying courses in English. After that, the doctors took the tough screening examination set up by the U.S. Educational Council for Foreign Medical Graduates; about 80% are expected to pass. Since most states make U.S. citizenship a prerequisite, the Cubans still cannot get licenses to practice privately. But there is a big and insistent demand for them in doctor-starved public hospitals. So Castro's loss is a U.S. gain.

Miami's efforts to fit refugee Cuban doctors into U.S. medicine, to restore their self-respect and to make use of their skills, originated in an unfortunate incident a little more than a year ago. A difficult emergency operation in one of Miami's public hospitals came at the end of a long, hard day, and nerves were



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frayed as the surgeons hurried to get out of the operating room. Even so, a surgeon trained in Cuba was shocked to hear a colleague bark at a male scrub nurse: "Get out of my way, you Cuban nigger!" The surgical nurse was an exile who had been a professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the University of Havana.

Slash the Red Tape. The story got to Dr. Ralph Jones Jr., chairman of the University of Miami's Department of Medicine. An expert at slashing red tape, "Buck" Jones moved fast. "By noon of next day," he says, "we had found nearly a third of the Havana medical faculty—working as nurses and orderlies, or opening lobsters in restaurants, or running cars at the beach hotels." By that night, in a gallant gesture, Dr. Jones put all the Cuban medical teachers on salary as visiting professors at his own school.

Obviously, he could not do the same for the hundreds of other Cuban doctors—many of them with some U.S. medical training—living around Miami. So with a core group of Cubans from the Havana University staff (all but half a dozen of the 135 pre-Castro professors and assistants have fled), Buck Jones set up the Faculty in Exile. With U.S. volunteers joining in as tutors, the Cubans were offered a total of 80 hours a week free in graduate medical courses, plus English. By last week, 700 of the 900 who took the faculty's courses had passed the Educational Council exams.

Psychiatric Training. Almost to a man, the doctors say that they left Cuba because they could not stomach the loss of freedom under Castro—for themselves as physicians, for their children as future citizens. Castro's policies have made a mockery of medicine. To head one reputable clinic, the regime nominated a janitor. In a major clinic it installed the barber as administrator, with the switchboard operator as his assistant. Says one displaced doctor: "Practice is terrible. The only medicine you have is penicillin—no other antibiotics, no hormones. If you need another medicine, you may have to phone dozens of pharmacies to get it."

One who quickly made good in the U.S. is Dr. Sergio Leiseca, 40, who had several years of U.S. training in pre-Castro days. He soon won a research berth in Miami, now has one at Tulane University with a grant that enables him to combine his specialty (blood-vessel surgery) with cancer research. But the Veterans Administration is the major employer of the Cubans, with the U.S. Public Health Service and state mental hospitals next. Says Dr. Alfredo Hernández-Vila, 35, who has settled at Osawatimie State Hospital in Kansas: "I am going to stay in the U.S. until I complete my training in psychiatry. Of course I would like ultimately to return to Cuba. I think that after Castro is finished—and he will be, one day—there will be a great need for psychiatry there."

* Medicines are exempted from the U.S. embargo on trade with Cuba, but—partly because of a dollar shortage—Cuba holds down imports.



Robin Hood's Oak, where the legendary hero and his band supposedly hid from pursuers

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THE THEATER

High Good Humor

A Thousand Clowns by Herb Gardner—performs the delightful trick of turning nonconformity into a comedy instead of a cause. It is a first play written well enough to be a third or fourth play and a bracing spring tonic for Broadway's ailing comic muse.

Murray Burns (Jason Roberts Jr.) has quit his job as writer for a children's TV show called *Chuckles the Chipmunk* ("When Sandburg and Faulkner left, I left"). His one-room apartment is an insult to the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Amid the debris is Murray's prize possession: his twelve-year-old ward and nephew Nick. Wittingly played by Barry Gordon, Nick is polysyllabic without being precious. Murray and Nick share a zany palship. On a crowded elevator Murray levels an admonitory finger at Nick and says loudly: "Max, there'll be no more of this self-pity. You're 10. It's about time you got used to being a midget."

The school for brainy tykes that Nick attends is bent on detaching him from his kookie guardian, and sends a man-woman social worker team to investigate. With the arrival of these visitors from the small, strange planet of Social Science, the evening rockets into hilarity. The woman (Sandy Dennis) is a girl with dew-behind-the-ears charm and a tendency to loutain into tears of self-reproach at her own unsociological impulses: "I hate Raymond Ledbetter and he's only nine years old."

To keep Nick, Murray must go back to his old TV job. Murray's notion of immigrating himself is to look out of his agent's mid-Manhattan office window and remark casually: "Why, there's King Kong sitting on top of the Seagram Building. He's crying. Someone should have told him they don't make buildings the way they used to. Out of the squawk box on the agent's desk comes the brassy voice of *Chuckles the Chipmunk* (Gene Saks): to put the whammy on Murray's whimsy. The ensuing duel between man and machine may be the only known instance in which a squawk box lost a decision. In the final uproarious act *Chuckles the Chipmunk* does a prostrating parody of a slope-shouldered, splay-fingered humorless comic from TV's human menagerie.

Despite the crisp rifle fire of its gags, *A Thousand Clowns* would not be so irrepressibly amusing if its characters were not so appealingly human. Playwright Gardner gives each of them the chance to show a core of dignity beneath the crust of daffiness. Like most plays about nonconformity, *Clowns* fudges its theme by leaving its hero where it should find him, with a job, a girl and responsibilities. The play is very New Yorky in tone, but its high good humor knows no geography. In a uniformly superb cast, Jason Roberts Jr., previously starred in somber roles, emerges as the new clown prince of Broadway.

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"I like a car that's quiet, smooth, and comfortable, that has good, vice-free manners on the road,

coupled with good brakes. I think Buick about does it."

Occasionally some cynic says: "Sure, Phil Hill says nice things about Buick. Why not, Buick pays him."

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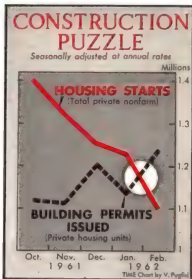
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Building Up?

The U.S. construction market is about as confused as a husband on moving day. Since last October, the number of new houses started each month has dramatically declined—but applications for permits to build houses have steadily increased (see chart). Which of these "indicators"



really foreshadows the future is a matter of vital importance to the U.S. economy, for construction now accounts for one-ninth of the gross national product.

Changing Rules. Optimists argue that the statistics on housing starts, although weighted to take into account the normal winter slump in building, do not make proper allowance for the fact that the recent winter was the worst in 50 years in many parts of the U.S. The optimists believe that many builders who sat on their permits during the winter will hatch them this spring. They point out that, historically, all but 1% of the building permits issued in the U.S. are eventually used.

Pessimists in the construction industry, of whom there are many, put little faith in the thumb rules of yesterday. What worries them is that builders have confidently taken out permits at an annual rate of 1,300,000 houses—but a lagging marriage rate is expected to create only 800,000 new families in the U.S. this year. (The number of Americans reaching marriageable age each year is currently held down by the low birth rates of the Depression years.) In addition, many areas of the nation are so plainly "overbuilt" that apartment rentals are softening, and some owners are offering several months' free rental to pull in tenants.

The Toll Crop. Even the gloomiest builders concede some hopeful signs. Contract awards for private housing were 20% above 1961 levels in January and Febru-

ary. The FHA recently reduced its down-payment minimums to a rock-bottom 3%, which helped send FHA insurance applications 10% above the early 1961 rate. The Government is also getting off the ground with its direct loan program for housing for older people, now has 20,000 applications. And Washington intends to increase its public housing starts from last year's 40,000 to 50,000 this year.

At least one segment of the building market is already booming. Partly to cope with the ever-mounting paperwork created by the burgeoning of such service industries as insurance and banking, U.S. business is building a tall new crop of office skyscrapers. This year, office space will be increased by 10% in Boston and Chicago, 15% in Los Angeles, 20% in Washington—and New York City will add twice as much space as already exists in Baltimore. All told, heavy construction contracts are running 11% ahead of early 1961.

Balancing the good portents with the bad, the New Frontier's economists still hold to their four-months-old prediction that 1962 urban housing starts will increase by 124,000, to 1,400,000. If they are right, the construction industry may yet supply the long-awaited "lift" needed to put some real steam in the recovery. An increase of 124,000 new houses would add at least \$5 billion to the G.N.P.—half in the cost of building and equipping the new houses and half in the added income spread through the economy by construction hands, real estate agents and others who service the building business.

PUBLIC POLICY

New Ticket for Transport

Moving to aid the most overregulated of major U.S. industries, John F. Kennedy last week wrote a heady new prescription for the nation's trains, planes, buses and barges. The prescription: less Govern-

ment control, more competitive freedom. In the most ambitious message on transportation that any President has addressed to Congress, Kennedy proposed an entire complex of fresh laws to replace "a chaotic patchwork of inconsistent and often obsolete legislation." The President sought to spur the U.S. Government into a coherent and long-overdue adjustment to the changing economic facts of life in the transportation business.

Boil for Rails. A central problem is that the U.S. simply has too much transportation capacity. Last year the nation's airlines used only 57% of their total seat capacity, ran \$34 million in the red. The big Eastern railroads lost \$96 million. But federal, state and even local regulators have stubbornly continued to foster uneconomic competition by artificial means. They have often refused to permit the carriers to merge, expand, diversify or drop money-losing runs. They have gouged the railroads outrageously with discriminatory taxation.

Most of the punitive regulation was written in the days when the railroads were bad and fat, and was deliberately designed to pare them down to size. But the railroads no longer hold their old, arrogant monopoly over the nation's transport. Recognizing this, the President's program would help the hard-pressed railroads most of all, and do some damage to their less heavily regulated competitors—notably the barge lines and trucks, Kennedy's key proposals.

FREIGHT RATES. The ICC could no longer set minimum rates, only maximum rates. At present, the commission firmly fixes all railroad freight rates, while allowing truckers to set their own rates for farm goods and permitting barge operators to charge what they want for bulk commodities such as grain, ore, oil and coal. Under the Kennedy plan, all carriers, including the railroads, could cut rates as



PARALLEL BARGE CANAL, THRUWAY & RAILROAD IN UPSTATE NEW YORK
Overbuilt and overregulated.

CORPORATIONS

The Luxury Trail

low as they wished, though not below their actual costs of operation in cases where such cuts were aimed at driving a competitor out of business. This delighted railroadmen who have long argued that they would be much more competitive if they were permitted to reduce their rates for bulk goods—which now account for 70% of all railroad tonnage and 90% of the tonnage carried on waterways.

PASSENGER RATES. To stimulate travel, the railroads, airlines and buses would be allowed to reduce passenger rates at will. This would permit selective reductions, such as the recent plan proposed by Continental Air Lines—and rejected by the CAB—to create a new "economy" class of domestic air fares.

TAXES. The 10% tax on rail and bus tickets would be eliminated; on plane tickets, it would be halved to 5%. The Government would impose new taxes of 2¢ per gallon on jet fuel and barge fuel, which would help to defray the Government's costs of dredging waterways, building airports and running the air lines—and also help to quiet the railroaders' complaints that their competitors enjoy many indirect subsidies. Direct subsidies to the nation's small "feeder" airlines, now amounting to \$68 million a year, would be stopped.

COMMUTERS. Straying somewhat from his anti-subsidy theme, Kennedy urged massive federal grants to help cities build, expand or modernize highway systems and commuter rail lines. Proposed first step: a \$500 million grant over the next three years, with Washington committed to put up \$2 for every \$1 allocated by local authorities.

MERGERS. Implicit in Kennedy's message was a more relaxed Washington attitude toward railroad and airline mergers that would help to eliminate duplicate facilities. Where the Government has previously tended to focus chiefly on the antitrust aspects of mergers, greater weight now seems likely to be given to purely economic considerations. The President pointedly ignored requests by the rail unions that he restrain mergers which might endanger jobs.

How Soon? Predictably, the President's program collided head-on with some of Washington's most potent lobbies. The truckers and barge lines loudly condemned it, and the airlines geared for battle against the proposed tax on jet fuel. The President called for prompt action on his entire package, but with Congress heading toward adjournment in early summer, one Capitol Hill insider prophesied: "It doesn't look as if there will be a helluva lot of legislation coming out of this message this year."

Chances for action this year are dimmed for Kennedy's most meaningful and controversial proposal—to cut the floors out from under bulk commodity and farm-product rates. Prospects are much brighter for early enactment of the two proposals sure to prove popular with lobbyists and voters alike—scrapping the transportation tax and handing out millions to help unsmile city traffic.

When intercity buses last year matched the railroads in total passenger miles for the first time in U.S. history, no one was less surprised than a burly, blue-eyed Texan named Maurice Edwin Moore. As president of Transcontinental Bus System, Inc., Moore, 51, has built one of the nation's fastest-growing businesses on the proposition that as far as mass transportation by land is concerned, the bus is the wave of the future.

Starting with a cow-town Texas line during World War II, Moore in the past 19 years has pieced together Transcontinental's operating subsidiary, Continental Trailways, and built it into the second



BUSMAN MOORE AT WORK
Growing like a pup.

largest U.S. bus system, with 53,000 miles of routes in 14 states. Compared with the top dog in the bus business, giant Greyhound, Continental is still a pup, but it is growing at a rate to give Greyhound pause. Last week, while Greyhound was reporting a 2.5% increase in its 1961 operating revenues (to \$334 million), Continental announced that its revenues had jumped 11% from \$45 million to \$50 million. Even more impressive, Continental's 1961 profits soared by 42.6% to \$3,000,000.

Assembling an Octopus. Moore, who bosses his expanding empire from a foam-rubber bus seat ("It's the best deck chair I've found") in Continental's Dallas headquarters, started out at 18 as a ticket agent in the Little Rock bus depot. In those days the U.S. bus business consisted largely of a patchwork of local companies that seldom traveled more than a few towns down the road. Recalls Moore: "In my first year a man wanted to buy a ticket to Dallas. I told him he couldn't get there by bus." But Moore learned quickly. In 1943 he bought Fort Worth's Bowen Motor Coaches with the help of a group of backers and soon decided that "the more miles of route you've got, the more miles you've got to spread your overhead out on." In 1945 he ambitiously renamed the line Continental

Trailways and set out to get those miles.

Because Greyhound had a virtual monopoly of existing long-haul interstate routes and the ICC was unwilling to franchise new ones, Moore was obliged to build up his system by buying small local bus lines in a careful pattern that linked them into new long-haul routes. Octopus-like, Continental stretched its tentacles across the Southeast and into the Midwest; by 1953 the company had its first transcontinental route (it now operates five). At that point Moore found that his fledgling system lacked the equipment to capitalize on the bus industry's greatest potential asset: the growing U.S. network of superhighways.

To remedy this, Moore tried to buy copies of Greyhound's popular big Scenicruiser. But General Motors, which manufactures the Scenicruiser, turned him away. The Scenicruiser dies, explained G.M., belonged to Greyhound production for years to come. Undaunted, Moore ordered his engineers to design a big new bus of their own. Then he went ahead and lined up a Belgian firm to build them, and by 1957 had the first of his flashy new Eagle buses on the road.

Plus a Red Carpet. Workhorse of Continental's new fleet is the Silver Eagle, a 40-ft., 46-passenger bus in which everybody but the driver sits 8 ft. above road level, free to survey the countryside without being distracted by passing traffic. Currently, Continental has 250 Silver Eagles, with 22 more due for delivery this month.

On his express routes, in keeping with his belief that it is pampering without and a panoramic view without that lures passengers into buses, Moore uses 50 Golden Eagles—a red-carpeted version of the Silver Eagle that adds a nine-seat, glassed-in lounge at the rear and a pert hostess who promises refreshments (no liquor) and cold snacks "as soon as the bus is out of town." Even more posh is the 64-passenger Super Golden Eagle, a 60-ft. monster, hinged in the middle to bend it safely around curves. So far, however, the Super Golden Eagle's length bars it from highways in all but 18 Western states.

Continental's added touches inevitably add to its ticket costs; for Golden Eagle service passengers pay a surcharge that amounts to \$7 on a transcontinental trip. But Moore argues that "people who ride the bus just because it is cheap are no longer a major factor in our business. If you ride buses today, you see a lot of fur coats."

Gaps in the Puzzle. Besides luxury Continental offers its passengers ever-faster service over the nation's new limited-access highways. Its buses, for example, beat all trains but the crack Broadway Limited between New York and Pittsburgh.

Beyond its own fast-growing routes Continental offers through-service speed as a member of National Trailways Bus System, an association of 44 bus companies that pool equipment to keep a pas-



NEW STUDEBAKER SPORTS COUPÉ
Looking like a rabbit in full flight.

senger on a single fast bus even though it moves over the routes of several members. But Moore is rapidly gobbling up his association kinfolk: 15 National Trailways members are now wholly owned Continental subsidiaries. "Each company fits in somewhere," says Moore. "It's like a jigsaw puzzle." And so far as Moore is concerned, all the pieces are not yet in place. Continental, he notes pointedly, has not yet penetrated the lucrative Florida market or the New England and Canadian border states.

AUTOS

Avanti, Studebaker!

Sherwood Harry Egbert, president of Studebaker-Packard, barreled down the test track at the company's South Bend plant one day last week in a sleek sports coupé, the likes of which no U.S. motorist has ever seen. Still shrouded in deep corporate secrecy, the new car was nonetheless already the talk of Detroit. Christened Avanti (Italian for "Forward"), it is finless, aerodynamically clean, and fast; it may well prove the most talked-of car turned out by any U.S. automaker since Ford Motor Co. introduced its first Thunderbird.

The Avanti is hard-driving, flamboyant Sherwood Egbert's own brainchild. Ever since he took over faltering Studebaker-Packard in February 1961, Egbert has been painfully aware that the company badly needs some *avanti* pointing. Stuck with his predecessors' designs, Egbert saw Studebaker sell only a paltry 72,155 cars last year, managed to turn a \$3.1 million loss into a \$2.5 million profit only by selling off the company's plastics division to Monsanto.

Loewy's Wave Length. As a first step toward turning the company around, Egbert had the 1962 Lark enlarged and face-lifted. This March was Studebaker's best sales month in two years, and despite a 38-day strike (TIME, Jan. 26), production of the 1962 models has already surpassed Studebaker's entire 1961 output. But for Egbert this was only the barest beginning; he long ago decided that to win a real new lease on life Studebaker must overcome its total identification with the plain-feathered Lark by bringing out an entirely new and daring car.

To get what he wanted, Egbert turned to famed Industrial Designer Raymond Loewy, who was responsible for the handsome 1947 Studebaker that had an important influence on the style of postwar U.S. autos. Flying to California early in 1961 to meet Loewy, Egbert roughed out a small sketch. "I knew at once," says Loewy, "that we were on the same wave length."

The Power Look. The Avanti, says Designer Loewy, "looks power." Its sloping, grill-less hood bears only single, recessed headlights, a single bar bumper, and a low-slung air scoop. Its high, rounded rump tucks under at the bottom like that of a rabbit in full flight and the waist of the car is slightly indented in Coke-bottle fashion—a design feature previously used only on supersonic jet fighters. Inside, reflecting Egbert's love of flying, the Avanti resembles a plush airplane with instruments set in neat, easy-to-reach groups, has two bucket seats in front and a bucket bench for two in the rear. With a fiber-glass body mounted on a steel chassis and an engine of 300 h.p. or more, the Avanti will go from standing to 60 m.p.h. in a scant 6.7 sec.—a performance rivaling that of the hottest European sports cars. It is expected to sell for about \$4,500.

Studebaker (which plans to drop the Packard half of its name at the end of this month) will introduce the Avanti on April 26 at New York's International Automobile Show. By designing and producing an entirely new car within only a year, Egbert and Loewy have set a new record for U.S. automakers. Some nervous South Benders fear that the Avanti is too radically styled to sell well on the inherently conservative U.S. market. Its failure could jeopardize Studebaker's automaking future. But Egbert is firmly convinced that the Avanti will carry Studebaker forward.

WALL STREET

The Renaissance Banker

With a breakfast-time disquisition on "Stresses Within the Communist Bloc," Washington's WTTG TV last week began to broadcast a series of uncompromisingly erudite lectures on international affairs by professors of New York's Columbia

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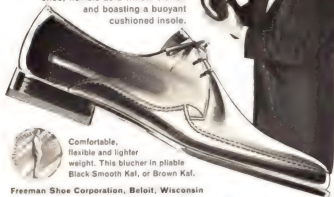
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University.* Behind this brainstretching venture, which drew a rare rave from FCC Chairman Newton Minow, stood an unlikely figure: Investment Banker Armand Erpf, 64. In 26 years as a partner in Manhattan's prestigious Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co., elfinlike Armand Erpf has displayed an uncanny nose for investment opportunities that has led fellow financiers to label him "a professional's professional." But whenever possible, Erpf likes to combine commercial profit with intellectual advancement—and in his eminently successful pursuit of both goals he has made himself perhaps Wall Street's closest approximation of Renaissance man.

The Urge to Educate. The Columbia television lectures are characteristic of Erpf's operations. Seven years ago, one of



ARMAND ERPF & "TASSO'S OAK"
Business can be beautiful

his investment sorties resulted in the creation of a profitable TV and outdoor-advertising chain called Metromedia, Inc. out of the ruins of the old Du Mont network. Recently, when he heard that Metromedia had an empty half hour of broadcast time in the morning, ardent Columbia Alumnus ('17) Erpf grabbed up the free time and got the lecture series under way with the financial backing of Columbia Associates, an organization of Columbia College well-wishers that he heads. The purpose of the programs, says Erpf, is to permit "adult people in this time of trouble and tensions to have not only the solace of entertainment but the spur of education." By no means incidentally, the TV series also may well turn a profit for Columbia Associates.

It was at least partly Erpf's urge to educate at a profit that led him to invest

Other TV stations scheduling the lecture series: New York's WNEW, Kansas City's KMBH, Denver's WTVH, Decatur, Ill.'s WTVF, Sacramento's KFOR.

in the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co. after it dropped *Collier's Magazine* in 1956. In the five years since, Crowell-Collier has gone from losses to profits (\$4,000,000 last year), and currently Erpf and his investing partners are adding new companies to Collier's at a two-a-year clip. Last week, for well under \$1,000,000, Crowell-Collier bought New York's famed Brentano bookstore chain, which, like all conventional booksellers, has been hard hit by department-store and discount-house competition.

The Brentano purchase, explains Erpf, "adds to the bookishness of the company" and fits in with his dream of "changing publishing into a modern corporate enterprise to bring education to the masses." If his dream is realized, predicts Erpf, "we'll have a renaissance here that will make the Italian Renaissance look like a pond next to the ocean—and Crowell-Collier could become more interesting to investors than U.S. Steel."

Chaos to Stability. Aloof and austere in his business contacts, Erpf has a profound sense of mission about his role as a latter-day capitalist. The function of investment banking, as he sees it, is to help guide new or individually managed companies into what he regards as the highest stage of capitalism—"the large institution run by professional managers with the public conscience glaring at them." Only large corporations, Erpf believes, fully realize "the whole idea of capitalism, which is to bring solidity and stability into the market in place of chaos. I call that civilization."

His belief in the importance of corporate bigness makes Erpf a strong dissenter from the economic doctrines that inspire the Justice Department's trustbusters—whom he terms reactionaries. But he is by no means a man who refuses to listen to the other view; he is a guiding member of a New York club called The Dissenters, whose members embrace views ranging from far right to far left. Each month they meet to enjoy stinging disagreements. "We used to have a lot of Communists," says Erpf, "until they got it through their thick heads how futile Marxism is."

The Passing Show. Erpf carries his love of diverse viewpoints into his notable art collection, which so crowds his ten-room Park Avenue bachelor apartment that he has been forced to hang seven of his paintings in the bathroom. His tastes range all the way from ancient Chinese snuff bottles to the disturbing, threatening *Tasso's Oak* by Modern Peter Blume (price: \$5,000). Art connoisseurs, asked to characterize his collection, shake their heads in despair.

This week, with his usual mixture of motives, Erpf will head for London bent on 1) buying some new drawings and 2) finding publishers who might be interested in an alliance with Crowell-Collier. Says he: "The passing show has a lot of elements of interest—and you might as well be aware of them all. Otherwise you don't get the full spectrum of experience, enjoyment and ecstasy."



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MILESTONES

Born. To Takako Shimazu (formerly Princess Suga of Japan), 23, Emperor Hirohito's youngest daughter, and Hisanaga Shimazu, 28, her bank-clerk husband, their first child, a boy. Rank: commoner.

Born. To Princess Birgitta of Sweden, 25, former gymnastics teacher and granddaughter of King Gustaf VI Adolf, and Prince Johann Georg von Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, 20, doctoral candidate in archaeology at the University of Munich, a prince (who will automatically be excluded from Lutheran Sweden's royal line of succession because his father is a Roman Catholic).

Died. Mme. Hellé Bonnet, 61, chic, Greek-born widow of former (1944-55) French Ambassador to the U.S. Henri Bonnet, whose World War II Gaullist activities she supported by opening a millinery shop in New York and whose post-war diplomatic success she ably furthered by restoring the dilapidated French embassy as the elegant focus of Washington society; of cancer; in Paris.

Died. Michel de Ghelderode (real name: Aldemar Martens), 63, noted Belgian playwright whose darkling dramas on medieval Flemish themes (best known: *Splendors of Hell*, *Pantagloize*) foreshadowed today's "theater of the absurd"; a wizened hermit who rarely left the "dream" room where he wrote surrounded by sepulchral puppets dressed up as characters from his plays; of asthma; in Brussels.

Died. Harry F. Waters, 67, prolific inventor of food-packaging devices who gave the world the paper tea bag, called a boon by billions and "the mouse in the teacup" by Etiquette Expert Amy Vanderbilt; of a heart attack suffered aboard the Twentieth Century Limited; in Albany, N.Y.

Died. Sir Percy Joseph Sillitoe, 73, former (1946-53) chief of M.I.5, Britain's fabled counter-espionage service; a stolid strapping Londoner who worked his way up from ordinary constable, was drafted to run the secret service on the strength of his successes as a gangbusting police chief in a series of British cities; thereafter roamed the Commonwealth, often in disguise, investigating security capers that ranged from Communist meddling in the Mau Mau uprising to the defection of British scientists and diplomats; of leukemia; in Eastbourne, England.

Died. Henry McBride, 94, twinkly, oracular art critic for the old New York *Sun* and the magazines *Dial* and *Art News*, a Pennsylvania Quaker who started out illustrating seed catalogues and wound up as one of the U.S.'s most influential promoters of modern art, and the intimate of such Parisian cognoscenti as Gertrude Stein and Pablo Picasso; in The Bronx.



LIFE PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HENNINGSEN

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ART

THE UNREAL WORLD

Once abstract art was thought too odd and ugly to last out a season; now people speculate about what it will have meant "when it dies." Yet abstract art does not die easily. Top U.S. artists, who used to paint recognizable subjects, put their real mark upon the world when they began to paint the unseen, the unreal and the intidy. And they have been around long enough for critics now to cast about for ancestors to confirm abstractionism in a tradition of its own. Last week an exhibition in West Germany revealed a new "father" of abstractionism; he turned out to be none other than the great Swedish playwright August Strindberg, who 70 years ago not only painted abstractly, but—being an articulate man—was able to say, in a surprisingly up-to-date way, why he was doing so. It was Strindberg's thesis that a painting took on life only when liberated from images. In the same week, a British connoisseur sympathetic to abstract painting joined those who see its end coming. Like it or not, abstractionism remains art's liveliest topic.

A Spatula & a Vague Idea

In the tormented life of the playwright Johan August Strindberg, the darkest time fell between the years 1893 and 1895. The government of his native Sweden—"the land of the non-adult, the disenfranchised, the mutes"—had tried to suppress his work as "blasphemy." Penniless, he settled in Paris with one summer suit to his name, for summer or winter wear. His second marriage was going badly, confirming his obsessive distrust of women who, he said, "admire swindlers, quack dentists, braggadocios of literature, peddlers of wooden spoons—everything mediocre." He himself was close to madness—a shabby, shuffling figure who dabbled in alchemy and black magic and once nearly committed suicide. He was addicted to absinthe, but he had one outlet that relieved him even more effectively than alcohol. Strindberg was a painter, and a startling one.

Automatic Art. Last week, 27 of his rarely seen oils were on display in the Swabian city of Ulm, the birthplace of Albert Einstein and one of the most culture-minded towns in West Germany. The two earliest paintings were rather routine seascapes; the last eleven seemed to anticipate the expressionism of Emil Nolde. It was the paintings in between that interested art historians most. Just as Germany has its Russian-born Kandinsky; just as France has Gustave Moreau; and just as the U.S. has Marin and Arthur Dove, so Sweden now has its entry in the great international game of whose artists got into the abstract art first.

Some of Strindberg's Paris paintings are depressing studies in black, grey and various shades of brown. Others are shrill compositions of hard whites and yellows, oranges and blues, set against a frame of

green that is liberally sprinkled with scarlet and purple dots. In one, the colors blend into something resembling mother-of-pearl; another was obviously begun by rubbing together two pieces of cardboard wet with color to make what Strindberg called "automatic painting." The show is about to take the grand tour: when it closes in Ulm, it will move to the Museum of Modern Art in Paris, the Palais des Beaux-Arts in Brussels and finally the British Museum.

"I Can't Explain." In 1894, Strindberg described in the avant-garde *Revue Blanche* his own brand of action painting. "I approach my painting with only a vague idea of what I want to present. Let's say: the image of a cool, benign forest opening towards the sea. Now I am beginning. With my spatula (I do not possess any brushes) I throw on colors, distributing them and mixing them right on the surface. I am mixing many colors, fourteen, fifteen perhaps, evolving a labyrinth of hues and shapes. Finally, the entire surface is swimming in color. I retreat a few steps to look at my work. For the devil's sake! I can't see any ocean. The luminescent opening in the center has become an enormous perspective of pink and bluish lights. And here—a white and pink spot. I can't explain how it got there and what it may mean."

A year later Strindberg wrote: "The painting I now imagine may at first resemble merely a chaos of colors. But gradually as one looks at them, shapes form themselves, some of them may resemble something familiar, and then again they may not. At last the work opens itself to the spectator. The act of creation comes alive. Better still, the painting continually assumes new meanings, changes with the light, never tires, rejuvenates itself because it has been given the gift of life."

Apes Never Improve

Oxford's Sir Kenneth Clark respects and admires the faceless art of abstract expressionism, but he does not think it will be around forever. At Wellesley last week, he prophesied: "The imitation of external reality is a fundamental human instinct which is bound to reassert itself." To prove his point, Sir Kenneth talked about two kinds of painters—apes and children—whom the crudest of critics like to lump with the abstract expressionists. "Apes take their painting seriously," said Sir Kenneth seriously. "The patterns they produce are not the result of mere accident but of intense, if short-lived concentration and a lively sense of balance and space-filling. If you compare the painting of a young ape with that of a human child of relatively the same age, you will find that in the first, expressive, patterning stage, the ape is superior. Then, inexorably, the child begins to paint things—man, house, truck, etc. This the ape never does." He does not develop because he lacks the child's impulse to record what he sees. If the desire to represent external reality reflects the loftier idea of "the formation of concepts, which are then modified by visual sensation,"

the image is bound to return. "For I consider the human faculty of forming concepts at least as inalienable as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Aside from this instinct, added Sir Kenneth, "it is an incontrovertible fact of history that the greatest art has always been about something, a means of communicating some truth which is assumed to be more important than the art itself. The truths which art has been able to communicate have been of a kind which could not be put in any other way. They have been ultimate truths, stated symbolically." Until the need for such communication is felt again, "the visual arts will fall short of the greatest epochs, the ages of the Parthenon, the Sistine Ceiling and Chartres Cathedral."

KLINE



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How They Got That Way

The big paintings in the main gallery of Hartford's Wadsworth Athenaeum are mostly slashing and explosive, but so familiar has modern abstraction become—at least to hardened gallerygoers—that even the most violent of canvases or aggressive of sculptures no longer jar the eye or jangle the nerves. What was new about the Athenaeum exhibition was really what was old—samples of these same artists' earlier work that had been hung in the adjoining smaller galleries. In a sense, the show (see color) consisted of 45 instant retrospectives that revealed how 45 of the nation's top painters and sculptors arrived at their present idiom.

The works were assembled by Curator Samuel Wagstaff Jr., and almost all the artists shown have traveled the road from representation to abstraction. Curator Wagstaff was not out to prove that one school is better than the other; he simply



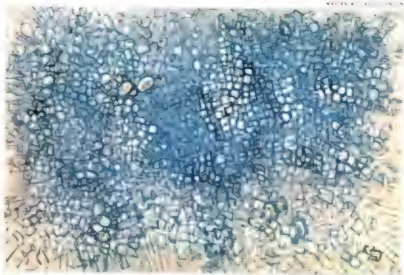
FRANZ KLINE

Before-and-after exhibition of U.S. abstractionists at Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford juxtaposes paintings such as 1948 *Nijinsky* (left) with 1961 *Probst I*, challenges viewers to find resemblances.





MARK TOBEY, *White Writing*



MARK TOBEY, *White Writing*

MARK TOBEY

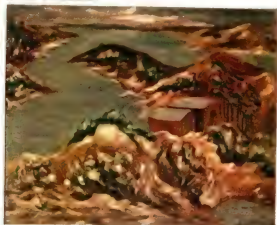
Between *The Rev. Richard Marmaduke Doubs* (1910) and his 1936 *Rive Gauche II*, Tobey became fascinated by "white writing," changed styles completely: the portrait is Sargentian; the abstraction suggests reflections on Paris cobblestones.



MARK TOBEY, *Rive Gauche II*



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JACKSON POLLOCK

Landscape (above) shows influence of Regionalist Thomas Hart Benton, with whom Pollock began studying in 1929. But relationship with *Arabesque* (1948) seems clear: both paintings show skeins of highlights flung against dull brown background; both suggest a whirlwind of motion.



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WILLEM DE KOONING

Man (above), done around 1939, is obviously father of *A Tree Grows in Naples* (1960), at left, despite submergence of image in later painting; both have same vigorous-expressive and almost explosive brushwork.



NO. 4 HAS. J. DANIEL WEITMAN



NO. 4 HAS. J. DANIEL WEITMAN

MARK ROTHKO

Two Women in the Window, painted around 1936 for WPA Federal Art Project, shows, with its tendency toward simplicity, fuzzy outlines and squarish composition, the same concerns as Rothko's *Yellow Stripe*, 1960 (above), which refines the stripped-down, flat image to simple floating rectangles of shimmering color.

wanted to show "the artist's handwriting, his forms, his palette, his style—the mesh-work through which he sees life."

Jagged Blocks. The most successful of the miniature retrospectives is that of Franz Kline. It begins with a straightforward drawing of David Orr, the collector who came across Kline exhibiting on a Greenwich Village sidewalk 23 years ago. The next work is a snowy landscape in which a black fence runs jaggedly through the scene, much as Kline's thick black abstract strokes do today. The painting called *Nijinsky* is followed by an illuminating sketch of a rocking chair done in 1951. Here, the chair's structure is so loose that its parts seem about to fly off to form a new and wholly unpredictable pattern. The jump from there to *Probst I* is not a leap but a hop.

Jackson Pollock's *Landscape* and *Arabesque* share the same basic rhythm and even the same somberness of palette, but the Pollock retrospective does not stop there. On view at the Athenaeum are two sketchbooks dating back to the days when Pollock was studying with the now unfashionable Thomas Hart Benton. The sketches are studies after the old masters, but they are not direct copies; each in its own right is a fastidious and sensitive work. Along with the sketches are photographs of some early landscapes by Pollock that Benton bought. This was not surprising, for they might have been painted by Benton himself.

The Fugitive Kind. One of the most appealing paintings in the show is the small green figure by Willem de Kooning. The figure has a fugitive look, as if auguring the disintegration of the image in De Kooning's future work. It is no trick to see that the man who did this painting was the same as the one who did the free-swinging *Tree That Grows in Naples*. The before-and-after paintings of Mark Tobey seem to have no such relationship: in his solid little early portrait, there is no hint of his future fixation with intangibles—with waves of energy, moving forces or reflections of light. But in between the portrait and his *Rive Gauche* is a painting called *Voice of the Doll*, which shows the ghostly figure of a soldier apparently clothed in scraps of newspaper. Whatever the wartime symbolism, the shredded image provides at least the hint of a bridge between the old Tobey and the present one.

The Athenaeum exhibition should do away with one outworn illusion: that abstract artists are abstract because they cannot paint images. Esteban Vicente's portrait of his little daughter and the early sculptured heads by Sculptors Reuben Nakian and Louise Nevelson prove that these artists could have successfully stuck to representation had they chosen to do. Other early works are not so reassuring. Mark Rothko's floating rectangles, controversial though they are, at least have an air of mystery, and many admirers have fallen under their spell. Had Rothko stuck to realism, as in his *Two Women in a Window*, his name might not even be known today.



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CINEMA

Attack of Berry-berry

All *Fall Down* (M-G-M). Berry-berry Willart (Warren Beatty) takes a long, slow pull of bourbon. "Funny things happen 'tme alla time," he says reflectively. "Dunno why. Dunno what I'm gonna do next. I just—live for kicks!" And he lays back his ears and laughs like a jackass that can smell the old pea patch.

Actor Beatty is the latest cinemate to step into the late Jimmy Dean's blue jeans, and *All Fall Down* is largely a description of how Berry-berry Willart gets his kicks. As the film begins, Berry-berry conks a floozy with a spittoon and lands in the frost in Florida. Bailed out by his teen-aged brother (Brandon deWilde) he thumbs a Caribbean cruise with a yachtsy-totsy (Constance Ford). "Don't you have a husband?" he wonders. "Yes," she muses, "but he wouldn't appeal to you." When the cruise is over, Berry-berry moves off with a box of the lady's baubles, picks up a schoolteacher (Barbara Baxley) on Christmas vacation, knocks out a few of her teeth in a barroom brawl, lands in the frost in St. Louis.

This time Pop (Karl Malden) wires the bail, and Berry-berry, risking reactivation of his Mompex, hitchhikes home to Cleveland for Christmas. There he finds an unexpected present: a blonde called Echo O'Brien (Eva Marie Saint). They fall in love, and for a few idyllic weeks Berry-berry lives for more than kicks. But when Echo gets pregnant, Berry-berry gets lost. In despair, she drives her car off an embankment. "I hate life!" Berry-berry groans. But he goes right on living, if it can be called that.

On paper, *All Fall Down* has plenty going for it: an all-star cast, an able producer (John Houseman), a talented young

director (John Frankenheimer), a screenplay adapted by a famous playwright (William Inge) from a notable novel by James Leo Herlihy. On acetate, these virtues seem reversed. The story is incidental and interminable, the scene-writing lacks Inge-nuity, the characters are cliché, the direction is amateurish, the actors are Actors' Studios—Beatty in particular employs a scabious charm that fails to explain his part but might be said to communicate Berry-berry.

Still and all, the picture is worth seeing, and what makes it worth seeing is the work of Angela Lansbury. She plays Berry-berry's mother as a woman with the brain of a flea, the heart of a whale, the tongue of a toad, the devotion of a dog, the cunning of a serpent, the innocence of—a noisy old parrot.

Bumper Crop of Nuts

The *Horizontal Lieutenant* (M-G-M). Funnymen Jim Hutton, 26, is an unpolished bean pole (6 ft. 3 in.) who gangles at all angles like the second-string center on a Y.M.C.A. basketball squad, but sputters surprises like a bright, green Lemon. Funnymen Paula Prentiss, 23, is a Texas skyscraper (5 ft. 9½ in.) who can look slim Jim in the eye without a periscope, and can come on and cut up like a junior-miss Rosalind Russell. If humor were measured in inches, Hutton and Prentiss would be the daffiest double in show business; since it isn't, they are merely the most promising young pair of romantic comedians currently in camerage. Last year they got off to a funning start in *Where the Boys Are*, then made a clattering success of *The Honeymoon Machine*. Now they have imparted their talent for the trivial to a dogface farce that may not fracture any funny bones, but manages at least to pile up a bumper crop of nuts on the usual Pacific island.

The island? Lieutenant Hutton is told when he arrives, "isn't much, but you'll learn to hate it." He does. There are 4,000 servicemen in residence and 18 white women. What's more, the 4,000 servicemen have nothing to do but chase one little old Japanese soldier who still holds out in the hills and at night sneaks past the U.S. sentries to pilfer the colonel's private stock of gefilte fish. After a year of this, the servicemen are so desperate for something to do that they start teaching a hen to type.

By sheer, outstanding inability, Lieutenant Hutton quickly rises to the top of the nut heap. He is a 90-day wonder-how-he-made-it who begins the war as a casualty (he tries to catch a baseball with his ear) continues it as a sad sack (he reports for duty by hitting the wrong pedal, ramming his jeep through the side of a building, parking it smartly beside the C.O.'s desk); but ends it as a hero (he captures the gefilte-fisherman). The nut occasionally has a date: Lieutenant Prentiss, a nurse who in civilian life was "just a tall girl but now I'm a short commodity." When he wants to get in trouble, he unfortunate-



PRENTISS & HUTTON IN "LIEUTENANT"
A sputter of sourgrapes.

ly has a buddy: an industrious Nisei (Yoshio Yoda) who labors day and night to "indocinate" every native girl on the island. And when he wants to get out of trouble, he unfortunately has a shocking, pink colonel (Charles McGraw) who turns purple every time the hero appears.

Best bit, Hutton, as chief of the island's intelligence section, arrests an ancient islander suspected of consorting with the enemy, waggles a thin Rathboney finger, and grimly begins to interrogate the dear old gentleman. The islander seems willing to talk but he can't talk English. Hutton summons an interpreter who speaks English and Japanese. The old man can't speak Japanese. Hutton summons an interpreter who speaks Japanese and Carolinian. The old man can't speak Carolinian. Hutton summons an interpreter who speaks Carolinian and a dialect called Charono. The old man speaks Charono. Back through the chain of interpreters, Charono to Carolinian to Japanese to English, comes the old man's message. He has to go to the bathroom.

Love Without Love

Bell' Antonio (Levine: Embassy), directed by Italy's Mauro Bolognini, is a serious and discreet discussion of a case of impotence. The hero (Marcello Mastroianni) lusts only for women he cannot love; the woman he loves (Claudia Cardinale) he imagines an "angel," and he cannot imagine muddying her wings with animality. When she wins an annulment he is desolate, and his family is disgraced—in Sicily, where the family lives, a man's virility and his public position are intimately interdependent. In despair, the young man turns to a servant girl gets her with child. The honor of the family is thus ironically redeemed. Mastroianni's mother shouts the good news from all sides to offer congratulations. "Now you can have a home and family," burbles his best friend. "Now you can be like everybody else." Mastroianni smiles vacantly. To a grown man, what is sex without love?



SAINT, LANSBURY & BEATTY IN "FALL"
A lack of Inge-nuity.



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BOOKS

Why Britain Lost

PRIVATE YANKEE DOODLE [305 pp.]—Joseph Plumb Martin—Little, Brown (\$6.50).

The Revolutionary War often was fought with tactics that were quaintly old-fashioned or grimly futuristic. During the battle for Fort Mercer, N.J., in 1777, the Americans ran short of ammunition, and soldiers were offered a gill of rum (4 oz.) to retrieve 32-lb. British cannon balls that had fallen short of the mark. U.S. guns then lobbed them back at the British. Near Petersburg, Va., in the closing days of the war, the British captured 700 Negro slaves who had caught smallpox,

at New York, Monmouth and Yorktown, and under Generals Washington, Lafayette and Steuben.

"Three of our constant companions," wrote Martin, were "Fatigue, Hunger and Cold"; men ate birch bark, old shoes, pet dogs. "We kept a continual Lent as faithfully as ever any of the most rigorous of the Roman Catholics did and, depend upon it, we were sufficiently mortified." Yet given a small ration of beef and flour and a sack of straw, Martin and his colleagues "felt as happy as any other pigs that were no better off than ourselves." Such wit eased Martin's suffering, but he also had a sharp eye for the ironic moment or the dramatic scene. He describes General Washington's arriving late at



WASHINGTON & LAFAYETTE AT VALLEY FORGE
As happy as pigs on a diet of birch bark.

and deliberately sent them among the rebels as an experiment in germ warfare.

But for most ordinary soldiers the war was waged almost as wars today are waged: with courage and cowardice, starvation and gluttony, ingenuity and stupidity. One such colonial dogface was Joseph Plumb Martin, whose *Narrative of Some of the Adventures, Dangers and Sufferings of a Revolutionary Soldier, Interspersed with Anecdotes of Incidents That Occurred Within His Own Observation* is the most complete surviving account of day-to-day life in the tents and trenches of the ragtag citizen army.

Soldier & Civilian. Martin was a farm boy from Milford, Conn., who signed up for six months' service in July 1776, at the age of 15, in part because all the kids in the neighborhood did (volunteers received \$1), but also because "I collected pretty correct ideas of the contest between this country and the mother country." The following spring Martin reenlisted, and for the next six years fought

Yorktown, then ceremoniously striking a few blows with a pickax so that future historians might write "General Washington with his own hands first broke ground at the siege of Yorktown."

Punctuation & Perseverance. Martin was discharged as a sergeant, settled in Prospect, Me., eked out support for a large family as a part-time laborer and town clerk. But despite intelligence, energy and irrepressible good nature, he made a poor adjustment to civilian life. Without a veteran's pension of \$96 a year, he would have starved. Martin was 70 when he wrote his memoirs, but the little volume, bound between two boards with a calf-leather spine, won its author no fame. The current printing, the first in 132 years, is ably annotated by Scholar and Editor George F. Scheer and should correct history's lapse.

Only a common soldier, Martin sketches no sweeping historical panorama as a background to his own adventures. But as an uncommon writer, the self-

taught Yankee chronicler makes a corner of that panorama come alive as never before.

"If I cannot write grammatically," says Martin proudly, "I can think, talk and feel like other men. I never learned the rules of punctuation any farther than just to assist in fixing a comma to the British depredations in the state of New York; a semicolon in New Jersey; a colon in Pennsylvania; and a final period in Virginia!—a note of interrogation, why we were made to suffer so much in so good and just a cause; and a note of admiration to all the world, that an army voluntarily engaged to serve their country, when starved and naked and suffering everything short of death (and thousands even that), should be able to persevere through an eight years war and come off conquerors at last!"

Of Human Bondage

THE SPY WHO LOVED ME [211 pp.]—Ian Fleming—Viking (\$3.95).

Among the shocks and disappointments 1962 still has in store for President John F. Kennedy and many thousands of other unsuspecting people is the discovery that the cruel, handsome, scarred face of James Bond does not turn up until more than halfway through Ian Fleming's latest book. They will look in vain for the familiar early scene in the eighth-floor office on Regent's Park where the taciturn M re-lights his pipe and hands Bond his latest assignment with Death and the Maiden. And that is not all they will miss: unaccountably lacking in *The Spy Who Loved Me* are the High-Stake Gambling Scene, the Meal-Ordering Scene, the Torture Scene, the battleship-grey Bentley, and Blades Club.

But these lapses are understandable after all—Fleming is not the author. As he archly explains in a foreword, he found the manuscript on his desk one morning—"the first-person story of a young woman, evidently beautiful and not unskilled in the arts of love," who was involved "both perilously and romantically with the same James Bond whose secret-service exploits I myself have written from time to time."

The Dreamy Pines. Vivienne Michel is her name. Motel receptionist is her game—at least when Bond meets her. The first half of the book is a detailed flashback to explain how Miss Michel happened to find herself one dark and stormy night in a deserted motel between Lake George and Glens Falls, N.Y. "I was running away. I was running away from England, from my childhood, from the winter, from a sequence of untidy, unattractive love affairs . . ." Vivienne goes on at some length about the love affairs. The most recent was Kurt, a West German newspaperman, who made love with West German industry and efficiency until she, with English inefficiency, got pregnant. After an abortion in Zurich she bought a Vespa, some saucy fur-lined goggles, and "a rather dashing pair of black kid motorcycling gloves," then set

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out to work and scooter her way down the U.S. coast to Florida.

And so to The Dreamy Pines Motor Court, where two hoods called Slugsy and Horror find Vivienne all alone in her black velvet (toreador pants ("with the rather indecent gold zip down the seat")). They behave tastelessly ("Okay, Horror. Let her go. This is for me"). Enter, at long last, the man with the white scar on his left cheek. "I quickly put my hand up to hide my nakedness. Then he smiled and suddenly I thought I might be all right."

Rather Cold Passion. She is all right, of course, with Bond beside her in a blaze of bullets and burning motel.

Author Fleming calls this "the hang-hang kisskiss formula." But it takes more than this to account for the undisputed eminence of James Bond as the best-known wearer of a shoulder holster in print. One explanation is Bond's universal expertise. His man-of-the-worldsmanship is so explicit that his fans' fantasies have a rich and varied diet to feed on. His cigarettes, with their three distinctive gold rings (a considerable security risk), are blended for him of a Balkan tobacco mixture by Morlands of Grosvenor Street. For breakfast: "The single egg in the dark blue egg cup with a gold ring round the top was boiled for three and a third minutes . . . Then there were two slices of wholewheat toast, a large pat of deep yellow Jersey butter and three squat glass jars containing Tiptree 'Little Scarlet' strawberry jam; Cooper's Vintage Oxford marmalade and Norwegian Heather Honey from Fortnum's. The coffeeport and the silver on the tray were Queen Anne and the china was Minton." One memorable meal, in *Moonraker*, takes 6½ pages for Bond to order and eat.

Bond also seems to have the full range of modern technological fun and games at his fingertips—from automobiles (which fascinate him) to aquanauts. He talks knowledgeably about perfume (though he admits the gaffe of once attributing Vent Vert to Dior instead of Balmain). He is a whiz at games; his adventures include several elaborately described games at which Bond wins five-figure stakes from the villain—usually by out-cheating him.

Cheating is certainly another secret of Bond's popularity: he is the bad guy who smolders in every good citizen. He is a professional murderer (the double zero in his secret-service designation of 007 indicates that he is one of the three operatives privileged to kill even when not acting in self-defense). In between assignments, he makes love "with rather cold passion, to one of three similarly disposed married women." And he can be as fast with the vodka martinis as with his Beretta .25; in the opening pages of *Thunderball*, he was in such bad shape that M had to send him to a sanitarium for a couple of weeks to dry out.

Goodbye, Vivienne. Lanky (6 ft. 1 in., 168 lbs.) Author Fleming, 53, a product of Eton and Sandhurst and sometime reporter, editor, columnist and naval intelligence officer, began writing his gilt-

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IAN FLEMING
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edged Bonds in 1952 "because my mental hands were empty and as a counter-irritant or antibody to my hysterical alarm at getting married at the age of 43."

Last week Fleming was back in London after his annual two-month "writing vacation" at his place in Jamaica, where he had knocked out a new book at his usual rate of 1,750 words in three daily hours of writing, while at the same time visiting the location shooting for the movie being made of his *Dr. No* (TIME, May 5, 1958).

Fleming made clear that the girl-narrated technique of *Spy* established no trend, nor was Vivienne Michel likely to unzip her way into any more of the saga. He was careful to send a complimentary copy to his famous fan in the White House. Copies will also circulate in another place where he has friends—the British secret service. "They tell me," says Fleming happily, "that my books are remarkably good recruiting manuals."

Whither America? (Contd.)

THE IMAGE (315 pp.)—Dorner J. Boorstin—Atheneum (\$5).

Ever since *The Lonely Crowd* (1950) proved there was big money in publishing serious sociology, the book trade has been gleefully exporting the traditional fascination of Americans with themselves, playing midwife to a new generation of moral muckrakers with a newspeak all their own. With indifferent success, these *unHidden Persuaders* have warned *The Status Seekers* and *The Organization Man* against the perils of *The Power Elite* and *The Image Makers in The Self-Conscious Society*. Latest to ask "Whither America?" is ex-Rhodes Scholar Daniel J. Boorstin, 48

* To the former wife of one of Britain's famed press lords, Lord Rothermere, who named Fleming correspondent in his divorce suit.

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who teaches U.S. history at the University of Chicago when he is not lecturing in Asia, the Middle East or Europe (he is now at the Sorbonne).

Boorstin's basic complaint is scarcely original: the high-speed production and reproduction of words, sounds and pictures—portentously labeled the "Graphic Revolution"—have blurred reality and encouraged a plethora of mere images. Increasingly, he charges, institutions as different as Harvard University and the Container Corp. of America are concerned more with manipulating their images than with achieving their ideals.

Even the reality of news has been displaced by such "pseudo-events" as the presidential press conference (all such interventions, as well as all analytical reporting, are just journalistic make-work. Author Boorstin argues); the reality of literature has been distorted by the pseudo-eventful film, the reality of art has been diluted by easily available and excellent color copies. Even God is pseudo. "The Celebrity-Author of the World's Best Seller." Only the world-of-crime is left as "a last refuge of the authentic, uncorrupted, spontaneous event."

Boorstin's huckshot is indiscriminate and incessant; he blasts away at such riddled targets as publicity handouts and celebrity endorsements and searches out new underworlds to conquer. Museums merely conceal the "vital organs of a living culture," air travel "robs me of the landscape," highway travel discourages wayside stops. As a way of "meeting new people," sighs Boorstin, "even hitchhikers are slowly becoming obsolete."

Historically eager for self-improvement, Americans have usually welcomed intellectual reformers. But Boorstin, by confusing rather than clarifying the effort to recapture the fading American Dream, has abused their hospitality.

Paper Candidate

HORNSTEIN'S BOY (373 pp.)—Robert Traver—St. Martin's (\$4.95).

Semi-saturated with sex, psychiatry and courtroom procedure, Robert Traver's *Anatomy of a Murder* had a surefire formula for bestsellerdom. *Hornstein's Boy* has not. A novel about a senatorial campaign, it is packed with nothing more exciting than paper dolls and paper arguments clipped from the magazine section of a Sunday newspaper.

Wah Dressler is the reluctant candidate. He is a smalltown lawyer, has ideals, and spouts them. His supporters, including Emil Hornstein, his campaign manager, listen with horrified dismay and, unlike the reader, bury their misgivings. The plot is hand-me-down—hostile columnist, incriminating photograph, Communist smear—and between Traver rambles on with flatfooted passion about half a hundred worthy causes dear to his heart. So dear to his heart, in fact, that Traver (in real life John Voelker) resigned as a justice of the Michigan Supreme Court to write this book. He should have stayed on the bench.



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The CBS Radio Network

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Only Two Can Play. Peter Sellers plays a wan little Welsh librarian who decides he would rather study a blonde than bury his nose in a book.

Viridiana. Made in Spain on Franco's money but banned in Spain by Franco's decree, this peculiar and powerful film by Luis Buñuel predicts in parable the next Spanish revolution and contains an orphic orgy of Goyaesque genius.

Sweet Bird of Youth. Tennessee Williams' *Bird* was an artistic turkey on Broadway, but as directed by Richard Brooks it makes a noisy and sometimes brilliant peacock of a picture. Geraldine Page as an aging cinema blazon a memorable skidmark on the go-away-and-don't-comeback trail.

Through a Glass Darkly. Sweden's icy intelligent Ingmar Bergman infuses unexpected warmth of feeling into a darkly metaphysical drama that depicts the birth of God in the form of an enormous spider.

Last Year at Marienbad. A cinemagame worked out by two Frenchmen, Scenarist Alain Robbe-Grillet and Director Alain Resnais (*Hiroshima, Mon Amour*), that has become the intellectual sensation of the year in films.

The Lower Depths. Akira Kurosawa's Japanization of the classic proletarian comedy by Maxim Gorky boils with demonic energy and rocks with large, yearning laughter.

The Night. The fashionable ailment of anxiety is skillfully anatomized by Italy's Michelangelo (*L'Avventura*) Antonioni.

Lover Come Back. Animadversions on advertising, wittily written by Stanley Shapiro and blandly recited by Doris Day and Rock Hudson.

A View from the Bridge. Arthur Miller's attempt to find Greek tragedy in cold-war Flatbush errs in concept but succeeds in details.

One, Two, Three. Billy Wilder's rough-house comedy describes a Berlin interlude in the life of a hardhearted soft-drink salesman (James Cagney) before the Wall put an end to monkey business as usual.

TELEVISION

Wed., April 11

Howard K. Smith (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). * Comment on the week's news events.

Armstrong Circle Theater (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Ron Cochran narrates a documentary on modern developments in cancer therapy.

David Brinkley (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). The Washington, D.C. monument dilemma and the Baird puppets in India. Color.

Thurs., April 12

CBS Reports (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Birth control pioneer Margaret Sanger is interviewed by Correspondent Eric Sevareid on this study of birth control and the law.

Fri., April 13

Young People's Concert (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Leonard Bernstein conducts the New York Philharmonic in a concert featuring youthful soloists.

* All times E.S.T.

Sun., April 15

Directions '62 (ABC, 3-3:30 p.m.). The story of the Jewish quest for religious freedom, symbolized in the Exodus from Egypt and commemorated in the Passover.

The Open Door (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). Tenor Jan Peerce, accompanied by Alfredo Antonini and the CBS Orchestra, sings songs marking the observance of Passover.

Hallmark Hall of Fame (NBC, 6-7:30 p.m.). Kim Hunter, James Daly and Dennis King in a play based on the trial of Jesus before Pontius Pilate and the freeing of Barabbas, the thief. Repeat. Color.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The dissolution of the French empire in Southeast Asia, brought on by the defeat of the French by Communist forces in Dienbienphu.

Project 20 (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). The last days of Christ, leading up to the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, are told through close-ups of paintings. Color.

Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Bob Cummings, Audrey Meadows star in a comedy about a New Orleans confidence man who sets out to bilk a lively widow. Jazz musical score improvised by Gerry Mulligan. Color.

Tues., April 17

Rainbow of Stars (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Robert Goulet hosts a variety show from Manhattan's Rockefeller Center, with Nancy Walker, Dick Button, Carol Lawrence, Al Hirt, Radio City Music Hall Rockettes.

Close-Up (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A reappraisal of imperialism on the Indian subcontinent, filmed in Lahore, written and narrated by Novelist John Masters.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Night of the Iguana. by Tennessee Williams. On a Mexican veranda, four desperate people break out of the cycle of self-concern to achieve self-transcendence. Williams' best play since *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

Ross. by Terence Rattigan. The puzzle of T. E. Lawrence is pieced together in fascinating, though debatable, fashion in this play. John Mills portrays the hero with lacerating honesty.

A Man for All Seasons. by Robert Bolt, might have drawn its theme from Shakespeare's "Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own." Playing Sir Thomas More, Paul Scofield is flawless.

Gideon. by Paddy Chayefsky, makes God and man all too human, but Fredric March as God and Douglas Campbell as Gideon occasionally approach the sublime.

A Shot in the Dark. adapted from a Paris hit, is *très très* sleek and sassy, with Julie Harris starring as a sleep-around maid.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying is a musical with a witty mind (Director-Librettist Abe Burrows) and a hero of exuberant glee (Robert Morse) whose rise from window cleaning to executive seat polishing is a joy to behold.

Off Broadway

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad. by Arthur Kopit, turns the battle of the sexes

into a surrealistic rout. Among the Venus flytraps, Barbara Harris glitens as the most hilariously voracious sexling since Lolita.

Brecht on Brecht generates dramatic excitement from a revue-styled montage of the songs, poems, scenes, and aphorisms of a 20th century master of theater.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Ship of Fools. by Katherine Anne Porter. The ship is a German passenger-freighter that steams from Veracruz to Bremerhaven in 1931; the allegory is that this and all passages of the world's voyage are dismal; the art is consummate.

In Parenthesis. by David Jones. The author, a painter who sometimes turns to prose and poetry, uses an unorthodox but effective amalgam of both in this bitter novel about the total irony of war—in this case, World War I.

Scott Fitzgerald. by Andrew Turnbull. A sensitive and exhaustive biography of the Twenties' literary golden boy, who was undone in the '30s by alcohol and neglect, and died at 44 in the middle of a novel that might well have provided him with his comeback.

A Long and Happy Life. by Reynolds Price. This uncommonly good first novel tells of a Carolina country girl coming to womanhood, and makes "Should she or shouldn't she?" the agonizing debate that it usually is in life, and so rarely is in literature.

The Blood of the Lamb. by Peter De Vries. The humorist abandons gaiety, if not humor; in this bitter and wholly serious novel of a man's loss of faith, life is seen to be a cruel joke.

Pigeon Feathers and Other Stories. by John Updike. Another set of short passages by one of the most brilliant young stylists in the U.S., who should be setting his sights higher.

A Signal Victory. by David Staction. A cool, clear, fictional account of the Mayan collapse before the Spanish conquest.

The Rothschilds. by Frederic Morton. A family biography of the most fabulous banking dynasty of Europe that rose from the ghetto to rival royalty.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Franny and Zooey.** Salinger (1, last week)
2. **The Agony and the Ecstasy.** Stone (2)
3. **The Fox in the Attic.** Hughes (4)
4. **A Prologue to Love.** Caldwell (3)
5. **Devil Water.** Seton
6. **The Bull from the Sea.** Renault (5)
7. **Chairman of the Board.** Streeter (6)
8. **To Kill a Mockingbird.** Lee (10)
9. **Twilight of Honor.** Dewlen
10. **Daughter of Silence.** West (8)

NONFICTION

1. **Calories Don't Count.** Teller (2)
2. **My Life in Court.** Nizer (1)
3. **The Guns of August.** Tuchman (3)
4. **The Rothschilds.** Morton (4)
5. **The Last Plantagenets.** Costain (5)
6. **CIA: The Inside Story.** Tully (6)
7. **The Making of the President 1960.** White (7)
8. **The Executive Coloring Book.**
9. **The Rich Nations and the Poor Nations.** Ward
10. **The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich.** Shirer (9)



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(DOWN)**

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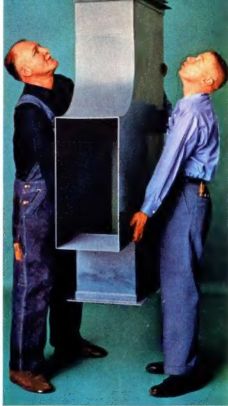


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